



THE KEYNOTER



WILSON vs. HUGHES ★ DEBS ★ TRUMAN
19TH CENTURY CAMPAIGN SONGS ★ BLAINE
LANDON ★ KNOX ★ REAGAN

Managing Editor's Message

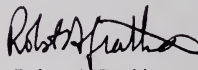
Surprise! The Keynote has returned for at least the next two issues. We are gratified by the response to the last message, and the final 1987 issue will be in your mailbox about six weeks after you receive this one, bringing the publication schedule up to date and on time. We still need many more articles, photos, Xerox® pictures, etc. to continue on a regular schedule in 1988. We continue to look for contributing editors for third parties/hopefuls, and for locals.

In this issue, we are pleased to present a major article on early campaign music by Robert Goshorn. As you know, we have been picturing the APIC Sheet Music project for several years, but have not had a major written piece to accompany the illustrations.

We are continuing to reprint articles by history makers and those who participated in the events described. This series will be known as *Primary Sources*. Also, starting in this issue, we will be printing on a regular basis a series called *Original Sources*, excerpts from pertinent previously unpublished letters and memoranda by famous persons involved in campaign politics. This feature has been made possible through the cooperation of APIC member Ed Bomsey, a serious collector and sometime dealer of presidential and other political autograph materials. Ed has a periodic sales list which he will send free upon request.

But the question remains, "What can you do for the Keynote?" If we just received one feature article, sidebar or picture paragraph a year from every member affiliated with an educational institution, we could double the size and frequency of this publication. One of the most discouraging and oft-heard comments I have been told during the last six months has been, "I've really meant to write an article for years now, but I just haven't had time." For all those who have said it, and those who thought it, you are not alone. I have far too much to do to take time doing the photography, layout and proofing for this magazine; Bob Rouse is certainly too busy to research and write extensive articles; Geary Vlk is too busy with his computers and teaching to be an active president, and the list goes on and on. But this is a volunteer organization, and if a lot of people who already have full lives didn't extend themselves, you would be sitting there right now with empty hands instead of this issue. Now is the time for you to take the time and write the article you intended to write and see it published. We will provide 5 free copies of any issue in which you have an article, to share with your family, friends, and even your boss.

Happy Holidays.



Robert A. Fratkan
Managing Editor

A Perfect Holiday Gift

I heartily recommend *Tippecanoe and Trinkets Too*, Roger Fischer's new, well illustrated material culture history of American presidential campaigning. Roger's book captures the wealth of material artifacts extent and the excitement of our hobby. We will be running a book review in a coming issue, but the book is available now for a limited time at the special price of \$27.95 from the publisher:

University of Illinois Press
c/o CUP Services
P.O. Box 6525
Ithaca, New York 14851

New York residents add sales tax. Add \$1.95 for postage and handling.

Robert A. Fratkan

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Manuscript Editor, APIC Keynote: Robert Rouse

Membership Information: applications may be obtained by writing to the Secretary-Treasurer at: P.O. Box 340339, San Antonio, TX 78234.



All correspondence should be addressed to:

Managing Editor

Robert A. Fratkan
2322 20th Street NW
Washington DC 20009
1-800-336-0156 (weekdays)

Manuscript Editor

Mark Gelke

Contributing Editors

John Pfeifer
Robert Rouse

Museum Associates

Edith Mayo
Edmund B. Sullivan

Historian

U. L. "Chick" Harris

Contributors

William Alley
Edward Bomsey
Robert Goshorn
Michael Kelly
Richard Rector

Photography

Bill Arps
Robert Fratkan
David Frent
Ted Hake

Support Services

Vi Hayes

APIC seeks to encourage and support the study and preservation of original materials issuing from and relating to political campaigns of the United States of America and to bring its members fuller appreciation and deeper understanding of the candidates and issues that form our political heritage.

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Printed in U.S.A. by
Lebo Graphics

THE APIC KEYNOTER

Published Triannually

Volume 87, Number 2

Fall 1987

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Illustrations: The Editors wish to thank William Alley, Marshall Goldberg, Robert Goshorn, Michael Kelly, John Pfeifer, Morton Rose, Robert Rouse, and David Samee for contributing illustrations for this issue. A belated thanks goes to Peer Ravnar, Archivist, Middle Georgia Archives, for the Taft Cotton Bale Arch shown in the last issue.

Covers: *Front* - Paper poster, red/ white/ blue; *Back* - Brown leather bookmark with gold leaf imprint.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Winter Keynoter will include articles on the 1912 Democratic Convention, Judson Harman for President, H.L. Mencken, the sinking of the Maine, William Howard Taft and the Safety Crusade, Taft and Playgrounds, cachet covers, and a previously unpublished letter from President Theodore Roosevelt.

Come Let Us Sing . . .

By Robert M. Goshorn

(Tune: Little Pig's Tail)

What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our Country through?
It is the ball a rolling on, on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go,
And in its course will clear the way
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

See the loco standard tottering, tottering, tottering,
Down it must go,
And in its place we'll rear the flag
Of Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Don't you hear from every quarter, quarter, quarter,
Good news and true,
That swift ball is rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Should we sing of all the Harrison states, states, states,
We'd never get through --
'T would make a psalm as long as your arm
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Now you hear the Van Jacks talking, talking, talking,
Things look quite blue,
For all the world seems turning round
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

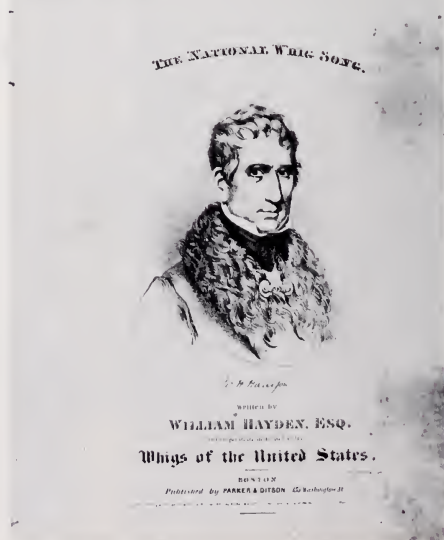
They have talked about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log cabins too,
'T will only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too -- Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

These are seven of some thirty-odd verses of the *National Song of Tippecanoe and Tyler Too*, probably one of the best known and most famous "campaign songs."

"We were drunk down and sung down," Martin Van Buren, the defeated Democrat candidate, is alleged to have complained after William Henry Harrison's victory at the polls in the election of 1840. And the campaign song, introduced by the hundreds in this campaign, was for the next half century or so to become a recognized and widely used means of electioneering, a feature of political rallies and torchlight parades that is almost completely forgotten and overlooked today.

Biographers of Horace Greeley, himself later an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, have given him the credit for the development of this technique. Not only did he write many of the songs for this campaign anonymously himself, it is suggested, but he also insisted, over protests, that they be included in each issue of the "Log Cabin," a Whig campaign journal which he edited and published from his offices on Ann Street in New York City. In a short time the songs were reprinted and reproduced on broadsides, in newspapers, and in collections in song books or "songsters."

Printers and publishers from Massachusetts to Ohio printed and distributed dozens of different songsters, ranging in size from just a few pages to paper-bound



volumes of 180 pages, 192 pages or more, for Whig rallies and songfests. A new campaigning technique was established.

There were some who erroneously predicted an early end for the campaign song as an election device, with the nomination four years later of the Whig ticket of Clay and Frelinghuysen. Nothing, it was pointed out, rhymes with Frelinghuysen! But there's no "surmisiin'," sure as "pizen," that the number of rhymes was truly "surprisin'." And there were at least a half a dozen others, too!

While most of the campaign songs used in the election campaigns for the next sixty years were by anonymous authors, occasionally authorship was acknowledged, and the songsters from the various campaigns have included verses by some well known authors, poets, or song writers.

Included in songsters for the 1856 and 1860 campaigns, for example, are several songs definitely attributed to Horace Greeley, as well as works by John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, and William Cullen Bryant reflecting their anti-slavery sentiments. Verses by Bayard Taylor, Thomas Buchanan Read, and C. Edmund Stedman were similarly included in songsters for later campaigns, and in 1888 a parody by James Whitcomb Riley of his own work, entitled *Put Him There K-Sock*, was included in one of the campaign songsters for his fellow Hoosier, Benjamin Harrison.

And they's still another idy 'at I ort to here append,
In a sort o' nota beany, for to taper off the end,
In a manner more befitin' to a subject jes' in view,
Regardin' things in politics, and what we're goin' to do.

Along a little later, when affairs at Washington,
'At's been harrassin' us so long, has got so Harrison,
We're goin' to give the man a seat, and set him there k-sock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Among song writers who also produced campaign songs were Stephen Collins Foster, who contributed *The White House Chair* in behalf of James Buchanan in 1856 (and who also contributed the tunes for many campaign songs for both parties throughout the period), and Eben E. Rexford, author of the lyrics for *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, who wrote *'Neath the Banner of Hayes* and several other songs for the 1876 campaign.

But generally the songs were published anonymously, or under pseudonyms such as "True Blue" or "Demo" or "R. E. Publican," and little literary merit was claimed for them. As was so frankly observed in a note to the HAYES AND WHEELER CAMPAIGN CAROLS, a songster published for the 1876 campaign,

"...Generally political songs are very poor trash; it is not claimed that these "Campaign Carols" have high literary merit -- their chief claim is their timeliness and the ease with which they may be sung to popular airs. Songs of the sort are better for their simplicity and freedom from any great literary labor."

As this note would indicate, campaign songs were written to familiar and popular airs or tunes, tunes as *Yankee Doodle*, *Rosin the Bow*, or *Old Dan Tucker*. They were songs to be sung.

To list the well-known ballads and tunes adapted for campaign songs would be to make a compendium of the popular music of the period. And as new songs became popular, their music too was stolen for campaign songs: the minstrel songs of the late 1840's and early 1850's; the Civil War ballads in the 1860's; the sentimental songs of the 1870's; the music hall favorites of the 1880's and Gay Nineties. When the operettas of W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan became so very popular in the late 1870's and 1880's, their tunes too were adapted for election campaigning purposes. Patriotic tunes were borrowed. Even hymns were used!

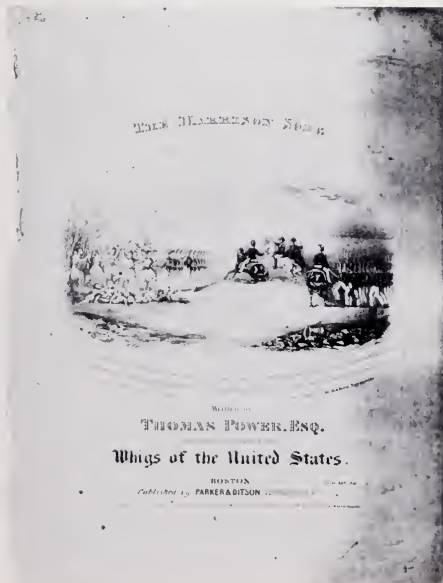
Whatever songs were liked and sung were used as the music to sing campaign songs too.

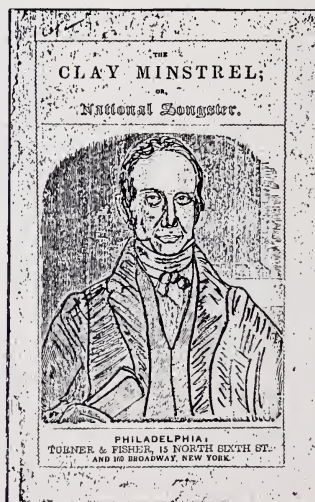
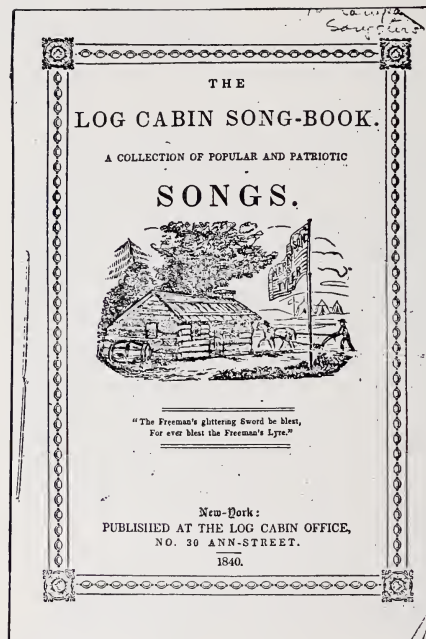
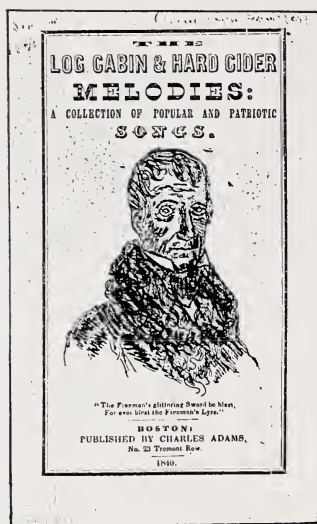
The lyrics were almost as broad in scope. There were songs of praise for the party candidate; there were songs of criticism of his opponent. There were songs of satire and irony. There were ballads. Occasionally, the issues of the campaign were even discussed in verse; more often personal characteristics of the candidates became the "issues" in the campaign songs.

Here, then, is a short "treasury" of political campaign songs from the nineteenth century.

There were songs of praise.

Some of them are nothing but vague campaign platitudes, as in these verses, of three, from *Champions of Liberty*, included in the BLAINE AND LOGAN SONGSTER in the 1884 campaign and also in the HARRISON AND MORTON SONGSTER in the next election four years later.





(Tune: America)

Champions of Liberty!
Choice of the fearless free!
Thy names we sing;
Let every patriot voice
Sing for the freemen's choice,
And in their names rejoice, --
Loud voices ring!

Honor, integrity,
Freedom and purity, --
Champions of right!
Strong hands will work for you!
True men will vote for you!
Of you, our chosen two,
We sing to-night.

But not all songs of praise are this general.

In all but three of the elections from 1840 to the end of the century, for example, at least one of the candidates was a military hero, and their military exploits were sung about to support their bids for the presidency. These verses, of five altogether, of *Old Tip*, included in HARRISON MELODIES, in THE LOG CABIN SONGSTER, and in several other Harrison songsters in the 1840 campaign, are an example.

(Tune: The Old Oaken Bucket)

When dark was the tempest, and hovering o'er us
The clouds of destruction seemed gathering fast,
Like a ray of bright sunshine he stood out before us,
And the clouds passed away with the hurrying blast.
When the Indian's loud yell, and his tomahawk flashing
Spread terror around us, and hope was with few,
Oh then, through the ranks of the enemy dashing,
Sprang forth to the rescue old Tippecanoe.

The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

When cannons were pealing and brave men were reeling
In the cold arm of death from the fire of the foe,
Where the balls flew the quickest and the blows fell the
thickest
In front of the battle bold Harry did go.
The force of the enemy soon trembled before him,
And soon from the field of his glory withdrew,
And his warm-hearted comrades in triumph cried o'er him
God bless the bold soldier of Tippecanoe!

The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe.

After the build-up of Harrison as "the iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier, the gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe," the nomination of Henry Clay in 1844 made it necessary for the Whigs to point to other virtues of their candidate four years later. Here is *The Heroes of Mind*, from WHIG SONGS FOR 1844, published by Greeley & McElrath in New York.

(Tune: The Star-Spangled Banner)

Let bards unto fame on the lyre proclaim
The worth of the heroes who flourish the sabre,
But laurels more stainless those sages can claim
Whose voice or pens for their countrymen labor

A nation may boast
Of the walls of her coast

Their homes to defend from the enemy's host,
But a country's defenders will ne'er show their might
Till the pen or the orator stirs them to fight.

Remember the bold words of Adams and Paine,
That raised Freedom's song in our dark Revolution;
And when Briton's Crown sent her ships to our main,
'T was Clay stirred the land on for bold restitution.
Then shout for great Clay!
Soon our land he shall sway;
He'll guide us and rouse us at danger's dark day!
With joy and prosperity shall all be blest
When the Chair holds the heroic Sage of the West.

For many years, beginning with Andrew Jackson and enhanced by the "log cabin" campaign of William Henry Harrison, a humble background was considered a political asset for a presidential candidate. Horace Greeley, for example, was pictured as "The Chappaqua Farmer" and James Garfield as "Boatman Jim," with reference to his brief experience as a canal boatman. This homespun approach is also reflected in these verses, of four, of *Old Abe*, from THE LINCOLN AND HAMLIN SONGSTER. You'll also note a reference to the slavery issue in the last verse, as well as an ironic observation on governmental ethics!

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

Old Abe was a pioneer
His cabin in the wood:
He felled the trees, he shot the deer --
The work he did was good.
But other work is to be done,
A wilder game to chase;
A farm to clear at Washington,
And Abram suits the place.

Old Abe is a mauler, friends,
Good rails he always makes:
He'll fence the nation's treasury in,
Full ten rails high with stakes.
No Buck will ever break them down,
No Fowler find the prey;
Go make the great Pacific road,
He'll save the cash to pay.

Old Abe is a working-man,
He knows the sons of toil;
Nor thinks they should compete with slaves,
Upon a virgin soil.
Old Abe is an honest man,
All bribes he'll flee and shun;
O what a curiosity
He'll be at Washington!

Songs were also sung of a candidate's ancestry in his praise. Here are two of six verses from *Our Standard Bearer*, in THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN SONGSTER, in support of Winfield Scott Hancock in the 1880 campaign.

(Tune: America)

O, hero brave and true,
Thine onward way pursue --
Thy country calls;

With thy bright spotless name,
Thy country's splendid fame
Shall shine with glory's flame,
From Freedom's walls.

Son of our early stock,
Thy sire old John Hancock,
His influence gave
In Independence Hall
To Freedom's thrilling call,
Drove tyrants to the wall,
Our land to save.

And, of course, when Benjamin Harrison was a candidate in 1888 and 1892 he was hailed in many songs as "Young Tippecanoe," in comparison with "Old Tippecanoe," his grandfather. These are the first two verses, of four, of *When Grover Steps Down and Out*, from TRUE BLUE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN SONGS for 1888.

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

In eighteen hundred and forty oh,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Bill Harrison made the Democrats go,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And in eighty-eight with his grandson Ben,
We're going to drive them out again,
And we'll yell and shout when Grover steps down
and out.

Ben is a chip of the good old block,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
That gave them such a terrible shock,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With Tippecanoe and his grandson, too
The Democrats hardly know what to do,
And we'll yell and shout when Grover steps down
and out.

Or you could sing about the opposition.

In contrast to William Henry Harrison as a military hero and "the farmer of North Bend," for example, the Whigs sang of his opponent, Martin Van Buren, as afraid of battle and a perfumed dandy, living extravagantly in the White House with liveried servants, fine coaches, and French champagne. Typical of these songs is *Little Vanny*, from the TIPPECANOE SONG BOOK; these are among its six verses.

(Tune: Rosin the Bow)

You can't make a song to Van Buren,
Because his long name will not do;
There's nothing about him allurin',
As there is about Tippecanoe!

He never was seen in a battle,
Where bullet and cannon shot flew;
His nerves would be shocked with the rattle
Of a contest like Tippecanoe!

While Harrison march'd to the border --
Sly Van staid at home as you know,
Afraid of the smell of gun-powder --
Then hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!

But snug in his pretty silk stockings,
And dressed in his broadcloth all new,
He roasted his shins in a parlour --
Not fighting like Tippecanoe.

And now with his gold spoons and dishes,
He lives like a king with his crew;
He'll feast on the loaves and the fishes,
Till we put in Old Tippecanoe.

Songs about the opposition, in fact, covered virtually every aspect of the rival candidate. In *Obituary*, for example, from the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN GRANT AND WILSON CAMPAIGN SONG-BOOK in 1872, Ulysses Grant's backers sang about Horace Greeley's dress, his background, his opinions -- all in the past tense because, as the last few verses report, a collapse of his party's platform allegedly causes his death. Ironically, Greeley did die just three weeks after the election, deeply hurt by the abuse he had suffered and his defeat. Here are some of its thirteen verses.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

Old Greeley is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear an old white coat,
All buttoned down before.

Upon his head an old white hat,
He always used to wear,
To cover up his shining head,
So destitute of hair.

A pair of massive spectacles,
He wore upon his nose,
Which made him look benevolent,
As everybody knows.

He was a great newspaper man,
And published the Tribune,
And every day, or month, at least,
He always changed his tune.

Inconstant, fickle, changeable,
Unstable as the wind,
He first blew hot, and then blew cold,
Just as he changed his mind.

For farming, too, he had a taste,
Although it has been said,
He never met with much success,
Except on cabbage head.

In politics he fared far worse,
For people were afraid
To trust this man in public life,
Lest they should be betrayed.

And though the Cincinnati men
Joined those at Baltimore,
To make old Horace President,
They all fell through the floor.

Their platform was too weak to hold,
And came down with a crash,
And poor old Horace Greeley died,
Crushed in the general smash.

Occasionally these comments about the opposing candidate were sung as though by the candidate himself, in the first person. These verses are among seven of *Now I am the Leader of the Democracee*, from the GARFIELD AND ARTHUR CAMPAIGN SONG BOOK in 1880. In them Winfield Hancock is presented as setting forth these



qualifications for the office of the presidency. "The Democracee," obviously, is used to mean "the Democratic party."

[Tune: When I was a Lad (Pinafore)]

When I was a lad I went to school,
Where Uncle Sam sends many a fool;
I polished up my buttons and swept my room,
For which I was rewarded by a Democratic boom;
I polished up my room so carefuller,
That now I am the leader of the Democracee.

In right-about-face I made such a mark,
They gave me the post of an Adjutant's clerk;
I served the Ad. with a smile so bland,
And I copies all the letters in a big round hand.
In right-about-face I was so free,
That they made me the leader of the Democracee.

My political ignorance became so great
That they took me up as a candidate;
So why shouldn't I obey my party's "call,"
Since I shall never have to think for myself at all?
I knew so little they rewarded me,
By making me the leader of the Democracee.

Now, Americans all, wherever you may be,
I'll give you a bit of stratagee;
Never go to any but a military school,
And be careful to be guided by this Democratic rule: --
Keep away from the polls, and let politicians be,
And you all may be leaders of the Democracee.

With the popularity of such tunes as *Camtown Races* and *Old Dan Tucker*, the opposing candidate was also repeatedly likened to a slow horse in the political race. (In fact, a surprising number of political terms have equine antecedents; the dark horse candidate, the political hack, the party whip, the public trough, and the wheel-horse worker are a few.) Here, from the 1856 campaign, are four of seven verses of the *White House Race*, from THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN SONGSTER, comparing the "Old Gray Horse" (Buchanan) with the "Mustang Colt" (Fremont).

(Tune: Camptown Races)

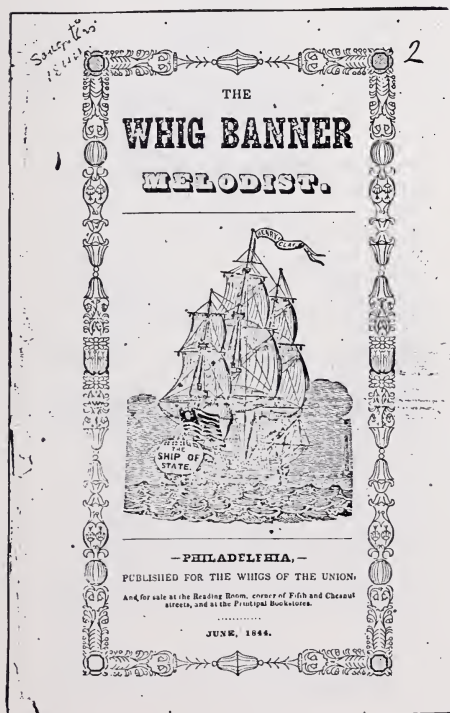
There's an old Gray Horse, whose name is Buck,
Du da, du da;
His dam was Folly and his sire Bad Luck,
Du da, du da, day.

The Mustang Colt is strong and young,
Du da, du da;
His wind is sound and his knees not sprung,
Du da, du da, day.

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day;
I'll bet my money on the Mustang Colt,
Will anybody bet on the Gray?

The old Gray Horse, when he tries to trot,
Du da, du da,
Goes round and round in the same old spot,
Du da, du da, day.

The Mustang goes at a killing pace,
Du da, du da,



He's bound to win the four-mile race,
Du da, du da, day.

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day;
I'll bet my money on the Mustang Colt,
Will anybody bet on the Gray?

The personal appearance or characteristics of the candidates were also sung about and made into "issues" of the campaign, along with other relatively inconsequential items that became "issues" in the campaign songs.

Thus, in the 1860 campaign, for example, that Stephen Douglas was only five feet one inch tall, especially when compared with Abraham Lincoln's height of six feet four inches, became an "issue" and was sung about in these verses, of four, from *Stevy Dug* in THE LINCOLN AND HAMLIN CAMPAIGN SONGSTER.

(Tune: Uncle Ned)

Dere was a little man, and his name was Stevy Dug,
To de White House he long'd for to go,
But he hadn't any votes through de whole of de Soul,
In the place where de votes ought to grow.

So it ain't no use for to blow --
Dat little game of brag won't go;
He can't get de vote, 'cause de tail ob his coat
Is hanging just a little too low.

His legs dey was short, but his speeches dey was long,
And nuffin but hisself could he see;
His principles was weak, but his *spirits* dey was strong,
For a thirsty little soul was he.

So it ain't no use for to blow --
Dat little game of brag won't go;
He can't get de vote, 'cause de tail ob his coat
Is hanging just a little too low.

But Douglas' cohorts chanted about the physical appearance of his opponents, too. In *Lincoln's Picture*, from DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON MELODIES, they sang of Abraham Lincoln, who by his own admission was far from handsome, to describe him as presidential times.

Tell us of his fight with Douglas
How his spirit never quails:
Tell us of his manly bearing,
Of his skill in splitting rails.

Tell us he's a second Webster,
Or, if better, Henry Clay;
That he's full of gentle humor
Placid as a summer's day.

Call him Abe, or call him Abram
Abraham -- 'tis all the same,
Abe will smell as sweet as either,
We don't care about the name.

Say he's capable and honest,
Loves his country's good along,
Never drank a drop of whiskey,
Wouldn't know it from a stone.


Tell again about the cord-wood,
Seven cords or more per day;
How each night he seeks his closet,
There, alone, to kneel and pray.

Tell us he resembles Jackson,
Save he wears a larger boot,
And is broader 'cross the shoulders,
And taller by a foot.

Any lie you tell we'll swallow,
Swallow any kind of mixture;
But oh! don't, we pray and beg you,
Don't, for God's sake, show his picture!

A candidate's personal habits were also sung about: the alleged gambling and duelling habits of Henry Clay in 1844, for example, or the reference to a fondness for "spirits" just noted in *Stevy Dug* from the 1860 campaign. Here's a song from the 1872 campaign in which the backers of Horace Greeley sang about the alleged intemperance of his opponent, Ulysses S. Grant, or "Useless S. Grant," as he was referred to in this song. These verses are from six of *Greeley is the Real True Blue*, from THE "FARMER OF CHAPPAQUA" SONGSTER.

SCOTT AND GRAHAM
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BEING A COLLECTION OF
CAMPAIGN SONGS
FOR 1852.
AS SUNG BY THE WING CLUBS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.



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WORDS AND MUSIC
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(Tune: Tippecanoe and Tyler Too)

We're going for the honest Farmer, -- Farmer, -- Farmer, --
Come with us, too!
We're tired of cant and General Grant;
And Greeley is true, the real true blue!
And Greeley is true, the real true blue!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant, -- Grant,
His "brother-in-laws" we'll supplant!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant!

Our Greeley don't swill Bourbon Whiskey, -- Whiskey, --
Whiskey!

Like some folks do!
But General Grant, he never says "cant't,"
Our Greeley is true, the real true blue!
Our Greeley is true, the real true blue!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant, -- Grant,
His "brother-in-laws" we'll supplant!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant!

Our Greeley don't smoke long Havanas, -- 'vannas, --
'vannas, --

Don't even chew;
But General Grant he lives on that "plant."
While Greeley is true, the real true blue!
While Greeley is true, the real true blue!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant, -- Grant,
His "brother-in-laws" we'll supplant!
Oh, we're done with Useless S. Grant!

In the midst of the other issues and the conflict over the extension of slavery to the territories, in the 1856 campaign the supporters of John Fremont sang of the fact that Pennsylvania's James Buchanan, his opponent, had never taken a wife. This is *The Bachelor Candidate*, included in the FREMONT SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE songster.

(Tune: The Campbells are Coming)

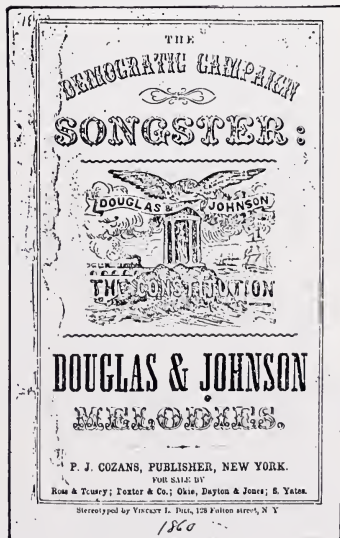
It's time to be doing, the play has begun,
There's mischief a brewing, as sure as a gun:
The Buck and Breck noodles are stupidly bent
In choosing a Bach for our next President.
A bachelor who, like his species, you know,
Is afraid of the girls, and to union a foe;
Then up and be doing, for danger is rife, --
A man is but moonshine who hasn't a wife.

For a rusty old codger, who ne'er -- as 'tis said --
Had children to speak of, and never was wed,
To be our chief ruler, it must be confessed,
Is doing up matters in mighty bad taste.
And think what queer things his receptions would be --
Uncouth gander parties, as all must agree;
For a home with no mistress a place is, I ween,
Where no well-bred lady would wish to be seen.

With pride we can point to our own candidate,
Who doubled his value by taking a mate,
And found in his Jessie a treasure more bright
Than all Mariposa will e'er bring to light.
Come on, boys! we won't go for Coeclbs -- that's flat;
He's only a unit, and cipher at that;
So we'll march to the polls with an unbroken front,
And give our support to the gallant Fremont!

It's time to be doing, the play has begun,
There's mischief a brewing, as sure as a gun;
The Buck and Breck noodles are stupidly bent
On choosing a Bach for our next President.

Here's a song from the 1888 campaign. It seems that Grover Cleveland went fishing on Decoration Day, and in several songs this is cited as a reason not to vote for him. This is *Memorial Day Fishing* from CAMPAIGN SONGS FOR 1888.



(Tune: A Little More Cider)

While on the thirtieth of May, o'er heroes brave and true,
Our people all with one accord the choicest flowers strew:
Amid the Adirondacks once, upon the self same day,
The President was catching fish, for this was Grover's way.

So festive is Grover's way,
So festive is Grover's way,
Memorial Day's the time for fishing,
And fishing he spends the day.

Rememb'ring still our noble dead, the nation turns to weep,
And scatter fragrant flowers of love where'er her heroes
sleep;
But sadly views the President, who thus observes the day,
Amid the mountains catching fish, yet this was Grover's
way.

So festive is Grover's way,
So festive is Grover's way,
Memorial Day's the time for fishing,
And fishing he spends the day.

In another song on the subject, it is pointed out that
"the loyal fish refused to bite, or with his bait to play" for
"they knew that fishing isn't right on Decoration Day."

Another "issue" from the same campaign was the fact
that Grover Cleveland had hired a substitute for his
military service during the Civil War, as permitted by the
draft laws at that time. The Harrison songsters had several
songs on this theme; these verses are among eight
altogether of *A Valiant Substitute*, also from CAMPAIGN
SONGS FOR 1888.

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

A valiant candidate they have, as all the people know, sir,
He sent a substitute to war because he feared to go, sir.

Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
He is mighty sandy,
Soldiers see his valor now,
Ain't he quite a dandy.

On field of gore no blood he'd pour, to this he was a stranger;
And near the line of Canada, he faced the awful danger.

Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
He is mighty sandy,
Soldiers see his valor now,
Ain't he quite a dandy.

Though valiant deeds by heroes done resound the country
over

Yet none we had in peace or war to equal gallant Grover.

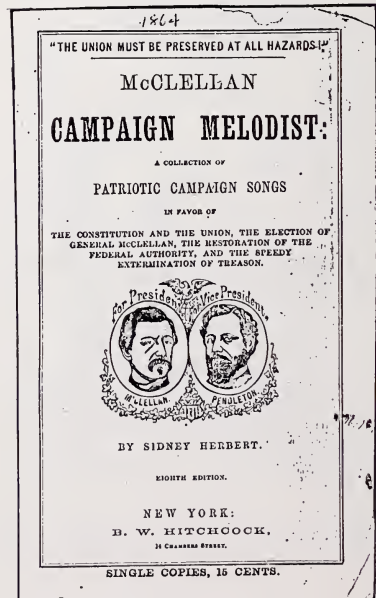
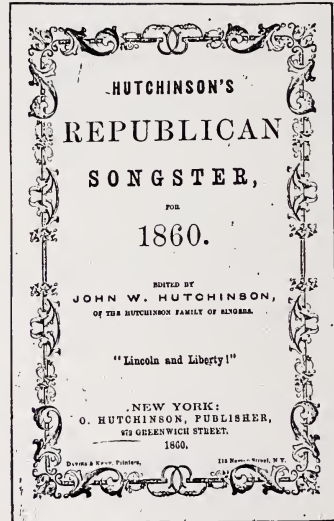
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
He is mighty sandy,
Soldiers see his valor now,
Ain't he quite a dandy.

For truly doth his valor now, without a bit of slander,
Suggest the kind that man will find when looking at a
gander.

Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
He is mighty sandy,
Soldiers see his valor now,
Ain't he quite a dandy.

Actually, for the next half dozen elections following the

Civil War, the conflict between the North and South was a
campaign issue reflected in campaign songs, as the
Republicans allied themselves with the "Boys in Blue"
and attempted to associate the Democrat party with the
secessionists and sympathy with the Confederate cause.
An example of these songs is *Once More, Ye True
Republicans*, from the HAYES AND WHEELER SONG
BOOK in the 1876 campaign, urging the "Boys in Blue" to
continue their battle for the right with the ballot rather
than the bullet. These are some of its seven verses.



(Tune: John Brown's Body)

Once more, ye true Republicans; Columbia calls for you,
Who in the hour of danger to the Starry Flag were true;
Turn out as her defenders, all ye gallant "Boys in Blue":
Our country must be free.

Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Our country must be free!

Let the lovers of true liberty throughout the land unite,
And now, as we have done before, we'll put our foes to flight;
With the ballot, not the bullet, we will battle for the right
Our country must be free.

Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Our country must be free!

With our comrades who have fallen, we have battled side by side,
When in the cause of liberty they nobly fought and died:
The principles for which they bled forever shall abide:
Our country must be free!

Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Hurrah! hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!
Our country must be free!

Despite Democrat accusations of "waving the bloody shirt" and protestation that "Democrats as true stood, and for the Union spilt their gore," twenty-three years after Appomattox the Republicans of 1888 still sang of *The Grey-Haired Boys in Blue* and Cleveland's war record.

Occasionally campaign songs even dealt with some of the more basic issues of the campaign and the party platform planks.

Here are some verses from a song in the 1884 campaign, in which "that brand new platform" of the Republican party is "dissected" plank by plank. It's called *The Republican Platform* and is from the CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS SONGSTER. These are four of its five verses.

(Tune: Wait for the Wagon)

'T is for elevating labor and honest currency,
Looking only well on paper like their office purity,
But ain't the country flooded with schemes to rob and steal,
By Republican officials whose deeds they now conceal.

Oh, such a platform, oh, such a platform,
Such a funny platform to stand a man upon.

They may talk about protection, high tariff and all that,
To catch the votes of working men -- a subject stale and flat,
Don't their big guns send to Europe for all the clothes they wear,
If that helps home industry, suck'd in we are, I swear.

Oh, such a platform, oh, such a platform,
Such a funny platform to stand a man upon.

They recommend such money as over the world is know,
Once their cry was greenbacks, next gold and silver blown,
Then comes a line 'bout pensions the soldier vote to draw,
Also eight hours labor, all full of taffy, raw.

Oh, such a platform, oh, such a platform,
Such a funny platform to stand a man upon.

Since this ornamental platform is naught else but a trap,
To catch the people's votes this fall and win themselves a snap,
But voters be ye not deceived, look well before you leap,
And fall in with the Democrats the country clean to sweep.

Oh, such a platform, oh, such a platform,
Such a funny platform to stand a man upon.

An issue reflected in songs from many campaigns, starting with 1840, was that of alleged corruption or fraud in the government and the need for reform. With the scandals of the Grant administration, it was a major issue of the 1876 campaign. These verses are among thirteen of *Hold the Fort for Tilden*, from THE TILDEN ILLUSTRATED CAMPAIGN SONG & JOKE BOOK.

(Tune: Hold the Fort)

Ho! Reformers, see the signal
Waving in the sky;
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See corruption boldly stalking,
In our Congress Hall;
In our Presidential Mansion,
Tainting great and small.

"Hold the fort, for we are coming,"
Hear the people cry;
"We will vote for Tilden, Hendricks,
Honest men we'll try."

See the rings, the combinations,
Whiskey, railroad, land;
Wicked schemes for peculations,
Rife on every hand.

See the shameful defalcations
In our savings banks,
Robbing poor men, widows, orphans,
By their thieving pranks.

"Hold the fort, for we are coming,"
Hear the people cry;
"We will vote for Tilden, Hendricks,
Honest men we'll try."

See the host of office holders,
Honest be they can't;
For if honest, faithful, worthy,
They're turned out by Grant.

Ho! ye voters, pure and honest,
Rally with us then;
Vote for Tilden, vote for Hendricks,
Vote for honest men.

"Hold the fort, for we are coming,"
Hear the people cry;
"We will vote for Tilden, Hendricks,
Honest men we'll try."

To ridicule the issue, the Republicans sang *Tilden's Battle Song*, in which they satirized the Democrats' "reform" issue by suggesting that those crying "Reform" the loudest were the thieves, the gamblers, the jail birds,



and the members of Tammany! Included in THE HAYES ILLUSTRATED CAMPAIGN SONG & JOKE BOOK, these are among its seven verses.

(Tune: The Governor's Own)

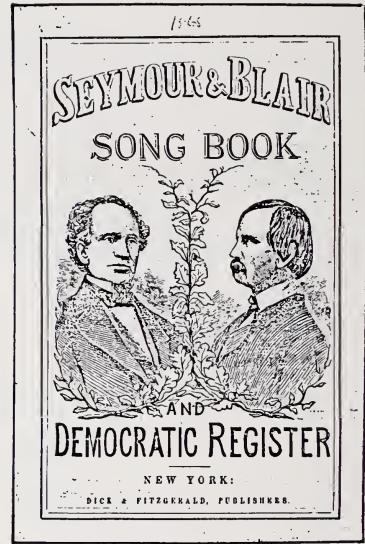
There's not a thief in all the land
Who does not cry "Reform!"
There's not a tramp from sea to sea
Who does not swell the storm;
And as the farmer's corn he steals,
He kindly mentions me;
Then curses Grant, and joins the cry:
"Reform and Victory!"

From Blackwell Island's crowded halls,
From Sing Sing's rocky cells,
From every prison in the land
The cheerful chorus swells;
I hear it on the evening breeze
Raise like a thunderstorm --
"The honest masses are as one,
For Tilden and Reform!"

"Republicans too long have held
The office and the pay;
We can't get in, for it is said,
Each dog must have his day,
Vote early, boys, and often, too;
The battle will be warm,
But whiskey, cards, and lies will win
For Tilden and Reform!"

The slavery issue at mid-century is also reflected in campaign songs. These verses are among nine of *The Black Banner*, from THE PRIZE REPUBLICAN SONG-STER in 1856, the first campaign in which the newly formed Republican party had a presidential candidate.

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)



On Kansas' distant blood-stained plains
Where Freedom's martyrs perish,
'T is sought to rivet slavery's chains,
And slavery's shames to cherish.

And though Buchanan has unfurled
A banner black as Satan,
The stars and stripes defy the world
With Fremont and with Dayton.

The human bondage we'll confine
Within its present station,
And liberty's blest sun shall shine
O'er all the Western nation.

And though Buchanan has unfurled
A banner black as Satan,
The stars and stripes defy the world
With Fremont and with Dayton.

Then here's for freedom of the press,
Free speech, free men, free labor,
When none a master shall confess,
But own for each his neighbor.

And though Buchanan has unfurled
A banner black as Satan,
The stars and stripes defy the world
With Fremont and with Dayton.

The selection of John C. Fremont as the Republican party's first presidential nominee, incidentally, gave an opportunity for alliteration not frequently found as Republicans sang of "free speech, free press, free soil, free men, Free-mont and Victory!"

An issue sung about in many campaigns, and particularly in the 1880's and 1890's, was that of free trade versus protective tariffs. Here's an example of the many songs on this subject from the 1888 campaign; it's *The*



Battle Cry, Protection, from THE HARRISON LOG CABIN SONG BOOK OF 1840 REVISED FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1888.

(Tune: Battle Cry of Freedom)

For America and freedom we take the field again,
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!
And rally round our banner, a host of busy men
Shouting and battle cry, Protection!

America forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with bandannas and up with the stars,
While we rally round our flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!

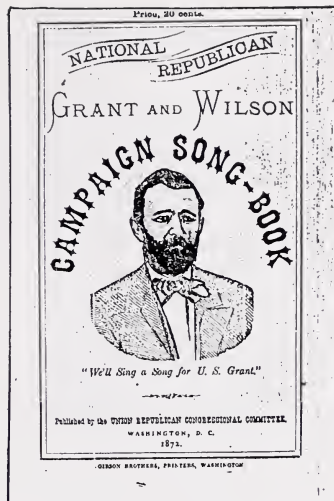
Free trade and English wages we never can endure,
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!
Our land is for Americans, alike for rich and poor,
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!

America forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with bandannas and up with the stars,
While we rally round our flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!

For Harrison and Morton we'll rally round the flag,
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!
And drive the foe before us with their red bandanna rage,
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!

America forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with bandannas and up with the stars,
While we rally round our flag, boys, rally once again
Shouting the battle cry, Protection!

Taxes are another perennial issue. In these verses from a song entitled simply *Campaign Song*, in the LITTLE MAC CAMPAIGN SONGSTER in the 1864 election, the Democrats sang this still-familiar complaint.



(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

Attend, while we unite and sing
Of this mismanaged nation,
And show how we're crushed beneath
Whole mountains of taxation.

Let young and old -- let every one
Unite against Abe Lin-king;
For since the day he took the helm
The Ship of State is sinking.

We're taxed for every bit we eat,
For clothing and for drinking;
And if Old Abe slips in again
We'll have to pay for thinking.

Our coffee and our tea are taxed,
Our sugar, salt, and spices;
And every day that Lincoln reigns
Adds something to high prices.

Let young and old -- let every one
United against Abe lin-king;
For since the day he took the helm
The Ship of State is sinking.

The plows, the harrows, and the hoes,
And other farm utensils,
The paper, ink, and books are taxed,
And slates, and pens, and pencils.

And when our friends shall mark the spot
Where our remains are sleeping,
The marble must have paid a tax
That has our name in keeping.

Let young and old -- let every one
Unite against Abe Lin-king;
For since the day he took the helm
The Ship of State is sinking.

The reference to "Abe Lin-king" suggests the puns that were on several occasions included in campaign songs: the many needs for "Clay" by brickmakers, farmers, potters,

and other artisans, and a dislike for "Polk" weed or "Polk" tea, both from the 1844 campaign, or that the Republicans would "Hayes" their opponents in the 1876 election.

In some ways, the most interesting campaign songs are the ballads. Here is an example from the 1840 campaign. It's called *Van and the Farmer*, and was included HARRISON MELODIES and other Tippecanoe songsters. Its eleven verses describe an imaginary call at the White House prior to the election by William Henry Harrison, and his reception there by President Van Buren and his "kitchen cabinet."

(Tune: The King and the Country Man)

A farmer there was, who lived at North Bend,
Esteemed by his neighbors and many a friend;
And you'll see, on a time, if you follow my ditty
How he took a short walk up to Washington City.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

His tidy log cabin he left with regret,
And he put up a sign that it would be to let;
But whatever rare sights the White House might display,
He'd find none so strange as he'd seen in his day.

The farmer walked on, and arrived at the door,
And he gave such a thump as was ne'er thumped before;
Mister Van thought the rap was the sound of a flail,
And his heart beat with fear, and he turned deadly pale.

"Run, John, and run Levi, -- run Joel and Jim,"
Said Van, "but leave Amos, I cannot spare him;
There's only one living dares makes such ado;
That sturdy old fellow called Tippecanoe."

They were all growing merry, and taking champagne,
And the farmer impatient rapped louder again;
To the door all the cabinet ministers run,
To demand who so boldly had spoiled all their fun.

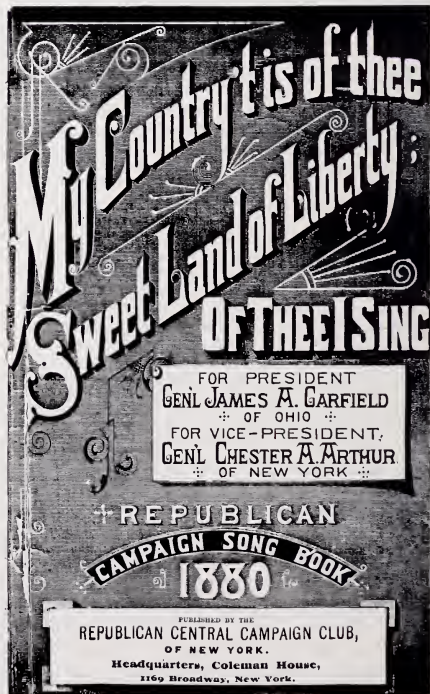
Says Tip, "my fine fellows get out of my way,
I've routed whole armies like you this day;
My mind is made up to walk into that chair,
Where Van takes his wine with a swaggering air."

Then Amos, who listened, spoke up, "Mister Van,
I know how to tickle that old farmer man,
I'll ask him politely to come up and dine,
And then we can muddle his wits with the wine."

"Oh! pray, Mister farmer, just walk up this way,
We hardly expected to see you this day;
So many stout swiggers are here at this time,
There's but one bottle left, but you'll find it is prime."

"I tell you what, Amos, I guess what you're at,
I won't take a glass of champagne, and that's flat;
But a mug of hard cider will answer my turn,
It's getting in fashion up here, as I learn."

Then Amos and Van searched the table all round,
Not a drop of hard cider was there to be found;
So the farmer advised them to lay in a store,
On the fourth of next March, if they shouldn't before.



The farmer was off, but 'twas easy to see
That his visit had sobered their cabinet glee;
And Van said he knew how the matter would end; --
He should have to clear out for the man of North Bend.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

This song was also adapted for the 1844 campaign and sung as *John and the Farmer* (John being John Tyler), while in 1860 the Republicans again sang of *Old Abe's Preliminary Visit to the White House*. In the latter version, it was not a mug of cold cider that was requested, though: "all that I ask is a glass of cold water."!

Here's a ballad from the 1884 campaign, the ballad of Mike Dolan. It's called *I'm a Roaring Repeater*, and the tale it tells is, in its way, rather pathetic. It's included in the BLAINE AND LOGAN SONGSTER.

My name is Mike Dolan, I'm one of the boys,
I'm fond of good whiskey and plenty of noise;
I'm a rare politician, you'll freely admit,
Of conscience and honor I have not a bit,
I'm called a repeater, but that is my trade,
I'm done with the pick-axe, the shovel and spade,
The Democratic party depends upon me
To give them a President, now don't you see.

I'm a roaring repeater of Democrat fame
And just from the state penitentiary I came,
For when the election is coming about,
The Democrat's Governor pardons me out.

I voted for Tilden from morning to night,
I killed a Dutch tailor that day in a fight;
I scared the black nagers most out of their coats,
And so the Republicans lost all their votes
While Johnny McCready, myself and Pat Flynn,
Stood close by the ballot-box, stuffing them in;
But all of our labor went up in a blaze
For blasted Republicans counted in Hayes.

Four years after that we had Hancock to lead,
Oh he was a jewel, a daisy indeed.
And though we repeated, we couldn't do much,
For we were outnumbered by nagers and Dutch.
Our beautiful Solger was left in the lurch,
By a man from Ohio, a deacon in church,
And so they've defeated us year after year,
But sure there was plenty of whiskey and beer.

I'm a roaring repeater of Democrat fame,
And just from the state penitentiary I came,
For when the election is coming about,
The Democrat's Governor pardons me out.

The Ballad of the Stick of Candy, from THE SCOTT SONGSTER in the 1852 campaign, has as its theme a campaign incident cited by the Democrats to describe the generosity and humanitarian impulses of their candidate, Franklin Pierce. The Whigs sang these dozen verses to satirize it.

(Tune: Father Grimes)

It was a poor unhappy boy,
All sad he wept alone;
His head was resting on his hand,
He sat upon a stone.

Not far removed, three other boys,
With sweetest mouths and smiles,
Were sucking each a stick a piece
Of candy all the while.

It was a stranger man who passed;
He saw the mourning lad,
And kindly turned to him and said,
"What makes you feel so bad?"

"I'm poor; indeed I'm very poor,
No candy can I buy,
My comrades taste the pleasant sweets,
While I sit here and cry."

"T was then a noble impulse seized
Upon that stranger man,
And thus he spake, "Cheer up, my lad,
I'll help you if I can!"

Then quickly down into his depths
His generous hand he thrust,
And forth he drew a shining cent
From out a pile of dust.

Then to a candy shop he sped
With grave and reverend haste,
For he like every prudent man,
No pence nor time would waste.

The deed was done -- the candy bought,
The money down was paid,
The boy's bright eye and watery mouth,
Was eloquence unsaid.

(Here comes the sarcasm!)

Ah noble act! Ah, noble man!
How blessed 't was to give,
This story like the widow's mite,
To thy renown shall live.

More glorious this than conquest great
In camp and forum won;
Far louder this shall speak thy praise
Than all else thou has done.

Now learn a lesson from this tale --
Who gives a boy a cent
To buy a stick of candy with
Shall be President -- Over the left.

"Over the left" was a popular expression of the period; its meaning is fairly obvious.

Another pathetic picture is that presented in *H. G.'s Inquiry*, included in the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN GRANT AND WILSON CAMPAIGN SONG BOOK and sung in opposition to Horace Greeley in the 1872 campaign. The answer whispered by the wind and stars in these verses, of four, however, proved to be correct when the ballots were counted.

(Tune: Tell Me, ye Winged Winds)

Tell me, ye winged winds.
That round Chappaqua fly,
Who'll next be President,
Ulysses Grant, or I?
Oh! tell me, will I dwell within the White House blest?
Will all the people vote for me, from East to West?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

And those bright twinklin stars

That light the midnight sky,

Will not my triumph here

Come surely by and by?

Will not all Liberal men old coats and white hats wear,

And farmers read my book to gain much knowledge there?

The stars upon the author famed of "What I Know,"

Looked coldly down, and sneering answered, "No!"

Campaign songs are still sung occasionally; there's *Hello, Lyndon*, to the tune of *Hello, Dolly*, for example. But since the turn of the century they have not been an important electioneering technique.

How effective were they during the middle and latter part of the last century?

In his preface to *THE REPUBLICAN SONGSTER FOR 1860*, William H. Burleigh, the editor, observed that

"For twenty years past, in each of our quadrennial elections, the SONG has been recognized as a legitimate political power, scarcely secondary in its influence to that of SPEECH itself, giving an impulse and a glow to the masses of men, and relieving the tedium almost necessarily consequent upon protracted attention to the orator, however cogent his argument, or however polished his rhetoric.... Ever since then (1840) . . . the political song has exerted a marked influence in our Presidential contest...."

In fact, so effective was the campaign song and the free-wheeling, singing torchlight parading "log cabin and hard cider" campaign of the Whigs in 1840 that the Democrats included in their platform for the 1844 campaign a plank resolving "that the American Democracy place their trust, not in factitious symbols, not in displays and appeals insulting to the judgment and subversive to the intellect of the people, but in clear reliance upon the intelligence, patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people." But they sang, too!

As early as in 1912 observers speculated about the decline of the campaign song. It was suggested that "the crowd no longer knows how to sing." Or that the political issues of the campaigns had become too complex to serve as subjects for campaign songs. Or that ragtime and other innovations in the popular music of the period did not lend themselves to campaign lyrics. Perhaps developments in communications replaced the song and the political rally as a means of disseminating viewpoints.

Whatever the reason, the campaign song today is largely a souvenir and a symbol of yesteryear's elections, when partisans sang in praise of their candidates and in derision of his opponent, when they sang songs of satire and irony, when they sang of personal characteristics and made them into "issues," when occasionally they even sang of real issues. They are a symbol of a period of real personal participation in election campaigns, of campaigns that could be violent in their abuse and opinion.

But when the election was over and the ballots were counted, the campaigners could also sing, as in these verses from *Inauguration* from *THE GRANT CAMPAIGN SONGSTER OF 1868*.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

All hail! Unfurl the stars and stripes!

The banner of the free!

Ten times ten thousand patriots greet

The shrine of liberty!

Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,

An undivided band,

To elevate, with solemn rites,

The ruler of our land.

Our ruler boasts no titled rank,

No ancient princely line --

No legal right to sovereignty,

Ancestral and divine.

A patriot, at his country's call,

Responding to her voice --

One of the people, he becomes

A sovereign by our choice.

And now, before the weighty pile

We've rear'd for Liberty,

He swears to cherish and defend

The charter of the free!

God of our Country! seal his oath

With thy supreme assent.

God save the Union of the States!

God save the President!



**ENCOURAGE A FRIEND
TO JOIN APIC**

PRIMARY SOURCES

THE CRIMSON STANDARD

By Eugene V. Debs

*NOTE: After years of organizing railroad workers into craft unions, Eugene V. Debs established the American Railway Union, a union for all classes of railroad workers, in 1893. Following the Pullman strike of 1894 (for which Debs served six months in jail), he united the remnants of the A.R.U. behind Bryan in 1896, although he had no enthusiasm for the free silver panacea. In June 1897, he transformed the A.R.U. into the Social Democratic Party of the United States. Their symbols were a red flag and a lighted torch. Debs explains the significance of the flag in the item reprinted below which is taken from a 1905 issue of *An Appeal to Reason*, a weekly Socialist newspaper printed in Girard, Kansas from 1896-1932 under various titles. In 1900, a faction defected from the doctrinaire Daniel DeLeon's Socialist Labor Party to support the Social Democrats. Debs attracted nearly 100,000 votes as the candidate of the two groups. At least two crimson standard buttons were issued. In 1901, the groups merged to become the Socialist Party. Debs was renominated in 1904, 1908, 1912 and 1920. In 1912 and 1920, he polled over 900,000 votes.*

A vast amount of ignorant prejudice prevails against the red flag. It is easily accounted for. The ruling class the wide world over hates it, and its sycophants, therefore, must decry it.

Strange that the red flag should produce the same effect upon a tyrant that it does upon a bull.

The bull is enraged at the very sight of the red flag, his huge frame quivers, his eyes become balls of fire, and he paws the dirt and snorts with fury.

The reason for this peculiar effect of a bit of red coloring upon the bovine species we are not particularly interested in at this moment, but why does it happen to excite the same rage in the czar, the emperor and the king; the autocrat, the aristocrat and the plutocrat?

Ah, that is simple enough.

The red flag, since time immemorial, has symbolized the discontent of the downtrodden, the revolt of the rabble.

That is its sinister significance to the tyrant and the reason of his mingled fear and frenzy when the "red rag," as he characterizes it, insults his vision.

It is not that he is opposed to red as a color, or even as an emblem, for he has it in his own flags and banners, and it never inflames his passion when it is blended with other colors; but red alone, unmixed and unadulterated, the pure red that symbolizes the common blood of the human family, the equality of mankind, the brotherhood of the race, is repulsive and abhorrent to him because it is at once



an impeachment of his title, a denial of his superiority and a menace to his power.

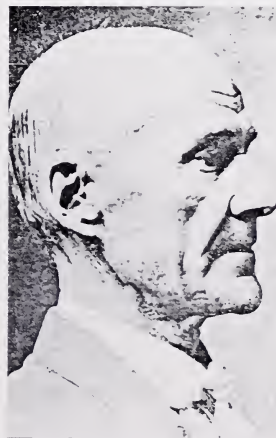
Precisely for the reason that the plutocrat raves at the red flag the proletarian should revere it.

To the plutocrat it is a peril; to the proletarian a promise.

The red flag is an omen of ill, a sign of terror to every tyrant, every robber and every vampire that sucks the life of labor and mocks at its misery.

It is an emblem of hope, a bow of promise to all the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

The red flag is the only race flag; it is the flag of revolt against robbery; the flag of the working class, the flag of hope and high resolve—the flag of Universal Freedom. ★



Eugene V. Debs

R. B. Debs

PRIMARY SOURCES

WILSON VERSUS HUGHES

By Joseph P. Tumulty

Richard Rector has again sent us an excerpt from a primary source, this time concerning what may have been the first instance of political wiretapping, on election night 1916. The following is chapter 26 from Joseph P. Tumulty's book, Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him, published by Doubleday Page and Co. for the Literary Digest, 1921. Tumulty was President Wilson's private secretary.

After the delivery of the speech of acceptance on September 2nd quiet ruled over the Wilson camp at Shadow Lawn. This lull in the matter of politics was intensified by the President's absence from Shadow Lawn because of the death of his only sister, which called him away and for a while took his mind and his energies from the discussion of politics.

On September 11th, the state elections in Maine were carried by the Republicans. The total vote was the largest ever cast in Maine in a state election. The Republican majorities ranged from 9,000 to 14,000. There had been a vigorous contest in Maine by both parties and the Republicans were greatly heartened by the result in the hope that "as goes Maine so goes the Union."

There is no doubt that the result in Maine, which many Democrats were of the opinion was a forecast of the results throughout the nation in November, had a depressing effect. The Republicans accepted it as a harbinger of victory and the Democrats as an indication of defeat. On the night of the Maine elections I kept close to the telephone at the Executive offices and engaged in conferences with two or three practical politicians from New Jersey. It was interesting to watch the effects of the returns from Maine upon these men. When the returns, as complete as we could get them at twelve o'clock on the night of September 11th, came in, James Nugent, one of the leading politicians of Essex County, New Jersey, who was in the room, took from my desk a copy of the "World Almanac", and referring to the returns of previous elections, said: "Of course, the Republicans will hail this as a great victory, but if they will sit down and analyze the gains they have made, they will find no comfort in them, for to me they indicate a Democratic victory in November. If the Democrats make proportionate gains in other states, you can absolutely count upon a Democratic victory in 1916.

This prophecy was verified by the results of the election of November 7th.

It was difficult and almost impossible between the date of the speech of acceptance and the first of October to revive interest in the Democratic campaign and to bring

about a renewal of hope of success that had almost been destroyed by the psychological results of the Maine election.

Frequent demands were made upon us at the Executive offices at Asbury Park to get busy and to do something. "Wilson was not on the front page and Hughes was busily engaged in campaigning throughout the West." But the President in his uncanny way knew better than we the psychological moment to strike. He went about his work at the Executive offices and gave to us who were closely associated with him the impression that nothing unusual was afoot and that no Presidential campaign was impending. I made frequent suggestions to him that he be up and doing. He would only smile and calmly say: "The moment is not here. Let them use up their ammunition and then we will turn our guns upon them."

The psychological moment came, and the President took full advantage of it. One afternoon in September the President telephoned me at the Executive offices at Asbury Park to have the newspaper men present for a conference that afternoon; that he would give out a reply to a telegram he had received. With the newspaper group, I attended this conference. It appeared that an Irish agitator named Jeremiah O'Leary, who had been organizing and speaking against the President and trying to array the Irish vote against him, wrote an offensive letter to the President, calling attention to the results of the Maine elections and to the New Jersey primaries, and to his anticipated defeat in November. The President handed to the newspaper men the following reply to O'Leary:

I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them.

This sharp and timely rebuke to the unpatriotic spirit to which O'Leary gave expression won the hearty and unanimous approval of the country to the President. Nothing like this bold defiance came from Hughes until a few days before the election.

The Democratic campaign, within twenty-four hours after the publication of the O'Leary telegram, was on again in full swing.

At this same newspaper conference the President, who had not seen the newspaper group since his arrival at Long Branch, discussed the campaign, so that they might have what he called the "inside of his mind." His criticism of the campaign that Justice Hughes was conducting contained bitter irony and sarcasm. Evidently, the petty things to which Mr. Hughes had adverted in his campaign speeches by way of criticizing the President and his

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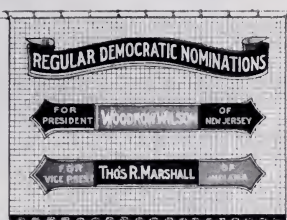
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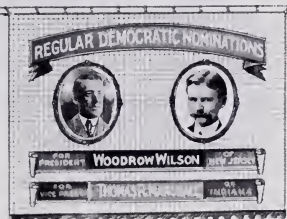
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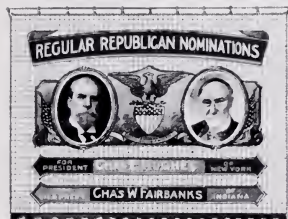
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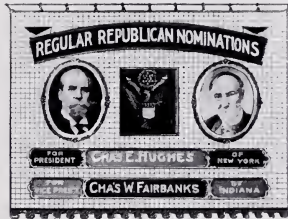
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administration had cut the President to the quick. One of the newspaper men asked him what he thought of Mr. Hughes' campaign, and he laughingly replied: "If you will give that gentleman rope enough he will hang himself. He has forgotten many things since he closeted himself on the bench, and he will soon find himself out of touch with the spirit of the nation. His speeches are nothing more or less than blank cartridges and the country, unless I mistake the people very much, will place a true assessment upon them."

The newspaper men left this conference heartened by the reply he had made to O'Leary and with the firm conviction that the Democratic candidate was just "playing" with Hughes and would pounce upon him at the psychological moment.

In the delivery of the campaign speeches at Shadow Lawn each Saturday afternoon President Wilson took full advantage of the swing toward the Democratic side which was manifest after the publication of the famous O'Leary telegram. While the Republican candidate was busily engaged in invading the West in his swing around the circle, the Democratic candidate each week from his porch at Shadow Lawn was delivering sledge-hammer blows at the Republican breastworks. As the Republican candidate in an effort to win the West was heaping maledictions upon Dr. E. Lester Jones, the head of the Geodetic Survey, a Wilson appointee, the President calmly moved on, ripping to pieces and tearing to shreds the poor front behind which the Republican managers were seeking to win the fight.

Mr. Hughes campaigned like a lawyer, Mr. Wilson like

a statesman. Mr. Hughes was hunting small game with bird shot, Mr. Wilson trained heavy artillery on the enemy's central position. The essential difference between the two men and the operations of their minds was made clear in the campaign. No one would wish to minimize the unusual abilities of Mr. Hughes, but they are the abilities of an adroit lawyer. He makes "points." He pleases those minds which like cleverness and finesse. He deals with international affairs like an astute lawyer drawing a brief. But has he ever quickened the nation's pulse or stirred its heart by a single utterance? Did he ever make any one feel that behind the formalities of law, civil or international, he detected the heartbeats of humanity whom law is supposedly designed to serve? Mr. Wilson was not thinking of Mr. Hughes, but perhaps he was thinking of the type of which Mr. Hughes is an eminent example when he said in Paris: "This is not to be a lawyers' peace."

Every speech of President Wilson's was, to use a baseball phrase, a home run for the Democratic side. They were delivered without much preparation and were purely extemporaneous in character. The Republican opposition soon began to wince under the smashing blows delivered by the Democratic candidate, and outward proof was soon given of the fear and despair that were now gathering in the Republican ranks. With a few short trips to the West, and his final speech at Long Branch, President Wilson closed his campaign, with Democratic hopes on the rise.

The happenings of Election Day, 1916, will long linger in my memory. I was in charge of the Executive offices

located at Asbury Park, while the President remained at Shadow Lawn, awaiting the news of the first returns from the country. The first scattered returns that filtered in to the Executive offices came from a little fishing town in Massachusetts early in the afternoon of Election Day, which showed a slight gain for the President over the election returns of 1912. Then followed early drifts from Colorado and Kansas, which showed great Wilson gains. Those of us who were interested in the President's cause were made jubilant by these early returns. Every indication, though imperfect, up to seven o'clock on the night of the election, forecasted the President's re-election.

In the early afternoon the President telephoned the Executive offices to inquire what news we had received from the country and he was apprised of the results that had come in up to that time. Then, quickly, the tide turned against us in the most unusual way. Between seven and nine o'clock the returns slowly came in from the East and Middle West that undeniably showed a drift away from us.

About nine-thirty o'clock in the evening I was seated in my office, when a noise outside in the hallway attracted my attention and gave me the impression that something unusual was afoot. The door of my office opened and there entered a galaxy of newspaper men connected with the White House offices, led by a representative of the *New York World*, who held in his hands a bulletin from his office, carrying the news of Hughes' election. The expression in the men's faces told me that a crisis was at hand. The *World* man delivered his fateful message of defeat for our forces, without explanation of any kind. To me the blow was stunning, for the *New York World* had been one of our staunchest supporters throughout the whole campaign, and yet, I had faith to believe that the news carried in the bulletin would be upset by subsequent returns. Steadying myself behind my desk, I quickly made up my mind as to what my reply should be to the *World* bulletin and to the query of the newspaper men whether we were ready to "throw up the sponge" and concede Hughes' election. Concealing the emotion I felt, I dictated the following statement, which was flashed through the country:

When Secretary Tumulty was shown the *World* bulletin, conceding Hughes' election, he authorized the following statement: "Wilson will win. The West has not yet been heard from. Sufficient gains will be made in the West and along the Pacific slope to offset the losses in the East."

Shortly after the flash from the *World* bulletin was delivered to me, conceding Hughes' election, the President again telephoned me from Long Branch to find out the latest news of the election. From what he said he had already been apprised by Admiral Grayson of the bulletin of the *New York World*. Every happening of that memorable night is still fresh in my memory and I recall distinctly just what the President said and how philosophically he received the news of his apparent defeat. Laughingly he said: "Well, Tumulty, it begins to look as if we have been badly licked." As he discussed the matter with me I could detect no note of sadness in his voice. In



fact, I could hear him chuckle over the phone. He seemed to take an impersonal view of the whole thing and talked like a man from whose shoulders a great load had been lifted and now he was happy and rejoicing that he was a free man again. When I informed him of the drifts in our favour from other parts of the country and said that it was too early to concede anything, he said: "Tumulty, you are an optimist. It begins to look as if the defeat might be overwhelming. The only thing I am sorry for, and that cuts me to the quick, is that the people apparently misunderstood us. But I have no regrets. We have tried to do our duty." So far as he was concerned, the issue of the election was disposed of, out of the way and a settled thing. That was the last telephone message between the President and myself until twenty-four hours later, when the tide turned again in our favour.

An unusual incident occurred about 8:30 o'clock in the evening, shortly after my talk with the President. I was called to the telephone and told that someone in New York wished to speak to me on a highly important matter. I went to the phone. At the other end in New York was an individual who refusing to give his name, described himself as a friend of our cause. I thought he was one of the varieties of crank, with whom I had been accustomed to deal at the White House on frequent occasions during my life there; but there was something about his talk that convinced me that he was in close touch with someone in authority at Republican headquarters. In his first talk with me, and in subsequent talks during the night of the election and on the following day, there was a warning to us, in no way, or by the slightest sign, to give up the fight, or to concede Hughes' election. He said: "Early returns will naturally run against Wilson in the East, particularly



in Illinois and Iowa," and intimated to me that the plan at Republican headquarters would be to exaggerate these reports and to overwhelm us with news of Republican victories throughout the country. Continuing his talk he said: "The Wilson fight will be won in the West. I shall keep you advised of what is happening in Republican headquarters. I can only tell you that I will *know* what is happening and you may rely upon the information I shall give you."

All night long the loyal newspaper men and I kept vigil at the Executive offices. As I read over the bulletins that came to me, particularly those from Republican headquarters in New York, I was quick to notice that although the Republican managers were blatantly proclaiming to the country that the fight was over, for some reason or other, the Republican candidate, Mr. Hughes, who was at his headquarters at the Hotel Astor, was silent.

Just about this time there was another message from the mysterious stranger in New York. The message, as I recall it, was as follows: "They [meaning the Republican managers] are trying to induce Hughes to claim the election, but he is unwilling to make an announcement and is asking for further returns. You boys stand pat. Returns that are now coming in are worrying them. Don't be swept off your feet by claims from Republican headquarters. I know what is happening there."

Shortly after this telephone message came a bulletin from Republican headquarters, stating that the Republican managers were then in conference with Mr. Hughes and that a statement from Mr. Hughes would soon be forthcoming. This unusual coincidence convinced me that the man who was telephoning me either was on the inside of affairs at Republican headquarters, or had an uncanny way of knowing just what the managers were doing.

Up to eleven o'clock every bit of news ran against us. Finally, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a supporter of the President,

and then the *New York Times*, our last line of defense, gave way and conceded Hughes' election, but the unterrified Democrats at the Executive offices stood out against any admission of defeat.

The mysterious stranger was again on the wire, saying that there was consternation in the Republican ranks; that George Perkins had just conferred with National Chairman Willcox and had left Willcox's room, shaking his head and saying to one of the attaches of headquarters, that "things were not looking well." A few minutes later a bulletin came from Republican headquarters confirming the story the mysterious stranger had just told over the phone.

All the while I was keeping in touch with our headquarters in New York City, and about 10:30 o'clock Robert W. Woolley, the publicity man of the Democratic National Committee, phoned me and advised me not to concede anything and assured me that the returns from the West, now coming in greater drifts, indicated Wilson's reelection.

When I left the telephone booth, David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, who a few weeks before had predicted, in a remarkable article, the election of Wilson, and who was my friend and co-labourer during that night (in conjunction with Mr. L. Ames Brown, a noted newspaper man of Washington, connected with the Democratic National Committee) conferred with me, and from a table he had prepared showed me how the small states of the West, which the returns indicated were now coming into the Wilson column, would elect the Democratic candidate, and that under no circumstances must we, by any chance, in any statement, concede the election of Hughes.

All night long telephone messages, very brief, would come from the mysterious stranger in New York, and quickly there would follow bulletins from Republican headquarters confirming everything that he said. These messages came so rapidly that I was soon convinced that this individual, whoever he was, had the real inside of the Republican situation. So convinced was I that I followed up my statement of the early evening with additional statements, claiming the election for Mr. Wilson.

Just about the break of day on Wednesday morning, as David Lawrence, Ames Brown, and my son Joe, were seated in my office, a room which overlooked a wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, we were notified by Democratic headquarters of the first big drift toward Wilson. Ohio, which in the early evening had been claimed by the Republicans, had turned to Wilson by an approximate majority of sixty thousand; Kansas followed; Utah was leaning toward him; North Dakota and South Dakota inclining the same way. The Wilson tide began to rise appreciably from that time on, until state after state from the West came into the Wilson column. At five o'clock in the morning the *New York Times* and the *New York World* recanted and were now saying that the election of Mr. Hughes was doubtful.

Without sleep and without food, those of us at the Executive offices kept close to the telephone wire. We

never left the job for a minute. The last message from the mysterious stranger came about one o'clock, the day following the election, when he 'phoned me that, "George Perkins is now at Republican headquarters and is telephoning Roosevelt and will soon leave to inform Roosevelt that, to use his own words, 'the jig is up,' and that Wilson is elected." Shortly after, from Republican headquarters came a bulletin saying: "George Perkins is on his way to confer with Mr. Roosevelt."

Some months after the election the mysterious stranger came to the White House offices, and without identifying himself, informed me that he was the individual who on the night of the election had kept me in touch with Republican headquarters, and then astounded me by telling me that in some mysterious way, which he did not disclose, he had succeeded in breaking in on the Republican National Committee wire and had listened in on every conversation that had passed between Willcox, Hughes, George Perkins, Harvey, and Theodore Roosevelt himself during the night of the election and the day following.

Mr. Wilson arose the morning after the election, confident that he had been defeated. He went about his tasks in the usual way. The first news that he received that there had been a turn in the tide came from his daughter, Margaret, who knocked on the door of the bathroom while the President was shaving and told him of the "Extra" of the *New York Times*, saying that the election was in doubt, with indications of a Wilson victory. The President thought that his daughter was playing a practical joke on him and told her to "tell that to the Marines," and went on about his shaving.

When the President and I discussed the visit of his daughter, Margaret, to notify him of his reelection, he

informed me that he was just beginning to enjoy the reaction of defeat when he was notified that the tide had turned in his favour. This will seem unusual, but those of us who were close to the man and who understood the trials and tribulations of the Presidency, knew that he was in fact for the first time in four years enjoying the freedom of private life.

Mr. Wilson's imperturbability on election night was like that of sturdy Grover Cleveland, though temperamentally the men were unlike. Mr. Cleveland used to tell his friends how in 1884 he had gone to bed early not knowing who was elected, and how he learned the news of his election next morning from his valet, after having first made inquiries about the state of the weather. In 1892 Mr. Cleveland, his wife, and two friends played a quiet game of cards while the returns were coming in. In reciting these reminiscences, the old warrior used to say that he never could understand the excitement of candidates on election nights. "The fight is all over then," he would say, "and it is merely a matter of counting the ballots." Mr. Wilson preserved the same calmness, which appeared almost like indifference. In 1912 he sat in the sitting room of his little cottage in Cleveland Lane in Princeton quietly reading from one of his favourite authors and occasionally joining in the conversation of Mrs. Wilson and a few neighbours who had dropped in. In a rear room there was a telegraphic ticker, an operator, and some newspaper boys who at intervals would take an especially interesting bulletin in to Mr. Wilson, who would glance at it casually, make some brief comment, and then return to his book. One of the guests of the evening who read in a newspaper next day a rather melodramatic and entirely imaginative account of the scene, said: "The only dramatic thing about the evening was that there was nothing dramatic."★



The Warwick of 1888

JAMES G. BLAINE IN INDIANA

By John Pfeifer

Within hours of his nomination in Chicago, souvenir hunters began to dismantle the white picket fence surrounding the Benjamin Harrison family home in Indianapolis. Nothing could be done to stop them, but nobody cared, least of all the nominee, who was ready to start his official campaign that same afternoon. Standing on the "stoop" of his home, he gave the first of a long series of "neighborly chats" that were to set the tone for the first phase of the Republican presidential campaign of 1888. During this period of feverish activity, the candidate remained at his home receiving delegations of old army comrades, political clubs, state delegations, school children, and assorted motley groups that defied description as they swarmed up to his door rolling cider barrels or bringing coons, eagles, and other emblems of the campaign of 1840. For each group, there were a few words of welcome and a brief speech making clear the candidate's fidelity to the main points of the party platform — the protective tariff, liberal pensions for Civil War veterans, a free ballot in the South, and an honest civil service. Above all, these short speeches were models of good taste, keeping with the General's determination to avoid the mudslinging and defamation that had disgraced the election of 1884. Impeccable as they were, Harrison's front porch sermons were hardly more than a curtain-raiser for the political pageant that was to follow.

Long before his narrow defeat in 1884, James G. Blaine had captured the hearts of the people and had come to represent the young Republican Party and its message of prosperity, protection and American ideals. It was Blaine who could have had the presidential nomination for the asking. It was Blaine who the people wanted to see and hear. Harrison, addressing the Republic State Convention at Indianapolis, announced the entrance of the hero upon the stage: "Today, at the chief seaport of our country, that great Republican, that great American, James G. Blaine returns to his home. We shall not be disappointed, I hope, in hearing his powerful voice in Indiana before the campaign is old."

Blaine had no desire to disappoint the voters of the candidate's home state and, on October 11, he came to Indianapolis as Harrison's guest. It was the beginning of a campaign blitz across the Hoosier State conducted with such zest and vigor that all the previous reports of Blaine's shattered health were properly laid to rest. His arrival in Indianapolis was greeted by throngs which made Harrison's summer delegations look like knots of farmers gathered around a country store.

Fifty thousand people greeted him on his arrival in the

city and twenty-five thousand paraded in his honor. He spoke to an audience of over thirty thousand at the Exposition Grounds in the afternoon, and the largest hall in the city was packed to the rafters to hear him that night. The following day, Blaine left Indianapolis, speaking from the rear of his railroad coach to audiences at Greencastle, Brazil, and Terre Haute. A special train was sent to bring the old hero to Evansville for a monstrous rally scheduled for the 13th. Blaine's Campaign Special chugged into the "Pocket City" at 6:00 PM and was met at the station by the Blaine Umbrella Club, the Flambeau Club, and two bands who escorted his party to the home of local Republican leader, Charles Viele. No formal reception was planned as the weary traveler ate a light supper and retired for the night.

Never in the history of southern Indiana had there been a political demonstration as was seen the following day. It was estimated that over fifty thousand strangers had invaded the city and all had come to hear and see the fabled "Plumed Knight." The morning began clear and cool and by 11:00, the principal streets of Evansville were crowded with moving humanity, all eager to secure the best available seats to view the parade soon to begin. It was a monstrous affair with over 3,000 people participating, and included fifteen to twenty glee clubs and marching bands from neighboring cities and towns. Republican clubs came from Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois, some from a distance of 200 miles or more. A club of Harrison Veterans of 1840 led the parade, highlighted by the same Blaine Umbrella Club that ushered him into the city, each member carrying a red, white and blue campaign umbrella.

In the early afternoon, ten thousand excited citizens assembled at Garvin's Grove, where the great rally was to take place. After the standard opening remarks by local dignitaries, John M. Butler of Indianapolis leaped to the stage and began an assault on the policies of President Cleveland and the Mills Tariff Bill that had become the main focus of the G.O.P. dissent during the canvass of 1888. The sponsor of the bill, Roger Q. Mills of Texas, had come to Evansville seeking public support in an address given the night Blaine arrived in town. Not to be outdone, the great orator, Col. Snowden of Pennsylvania, attacked the bill from the viewpoint of his section of the country and reminded the audience that he thought it was ridiculous for someone from Texas to come up to Indiana and try to tell her people how to vote. At the conclusion of the Colonel's remarks, Blaine arrived at the stand escorted by a brass band. His appearance set the multitude wild with

enthusiasm. Hats and canes filled the air and it was a full five minutes before the chairman's voice could be hard calling the crowd to order.

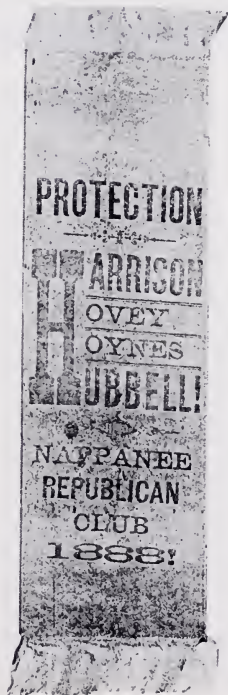
Blaine stepped to the front of the stand and launched into his address:

"I have carefully read the speech delivered here last evening by Hon. Roger Q. Mills, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, to whom the authorship of this bill is popularly imputed. It assails the doctrine of protection, ridicules it, denounces it, then tries to persuade you listeners that the Mills Bill has not really changed the protective features of the tariff. It has, he says, simply reduced the average of duties from 47½% to 42½% and argues earnestly that this reduction will not disturb the harmony or the efficiency of the protective system. In Congress and on the stump, Mr. Mills has devoted his energies and his eloquence to proving the free trade dogma that protection is robbery. If he was speaking the truth in those days, he must now acknowledge that the Democrats are willing to rob to the extent of 42½%, while the Republicans are robbing to the extent of 47½%. But the truth is, Mr. Mills does not state the figures correctly. On the contrary, he states them very incorrectly. I do not suggest that he does this with the intention to misrepresent, but like all free-traders, Mr. Mills is in such a muddle on the whole subject that he forgets the primary rules of arithmetic. What does Mr. Mills mean when he says this is only a reduction of 5%? Will he face the wool growers of Indiana from whom he strips every particle of protection and tell them that he has only reduced them 5%? Will he tell that to the lumber manufacturers when he puts their product on the free list? Will he say the same thing to the salt producers of the Middle-West and the numberless pursuits that he has torn down from fair protection and added to the free list? What is it to those industries that are stripped naked whether the average is 5% or 500% when in either case they are thrust out into the cold?

"Gentlemen, there is one great difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties. Whatever the Republican Party prepares in Congress, it defends before the people. But the Democratic Party has for eight months waged bitter warfare on the protective system denouncing it as plunder and robbery and are now sending out speakers known in fact to be the most rancorous free-traders with Mr. Mills at their head. They jumble and trim the figures to deceive the people as to the true intent of the assault on the protective system. In my judgment, Mr. Mills has brought his bill to a poor market when he appears as its defender in Evansville, where you have one of the largest cotton mills to be found west of New England, five woolen mills, ten iron foundries, ten carriage works, eight furniture factories, and I might continue the list through brass foundries, copper and sheet iron and I do not know how many more in the aggregate to 150 different shops.

"Does any man in his right mind believe that all these industries would have been founded and prospered in Evansville under the free-trade tariff existing before the War? Does any man believe that they could continue to prosper under a tariff practically the same kind today as proposed by President Cleveland and the Democratic Party in Congress?





"Men of Indiana, the Democrats address you as if you were all farmers and were fearfully imposed upon by a hostile class of manufacturers living in distant states. This is a mistake as Indiana herself is an important manufacturing state and has within her own territory all the elements needed for production on the largest scale. Great are the products of its fields, but equally great are the products of its shops. You have on your own soil the perfect results of protection bringing the producer and the consumer close together. The farmer needs the home market and the producer must have the supplies furnished by the farms. Each is required by the other and both working together make a prosperous community of people."

At the conclusion of Blaine's remarks, the crowd responded with a thunderous ovation, and one well-known Democrat was heard to remark, "Blaine is a logical talker and gets more into a few words than any man I ever heard. What he says is worth thinking over."

The enthusiasm of the congregation continued unabated as Colonel Snowden was again called to the front and compelled once more to address the audience on the subject of the Mills heresy of the night before. All present seemed to delight in his wit and took great pleasure in hearing the Pennsylvania orator dissect the proposals of the man from Texas.

General Alvin P. Hovey, candidate for Governor of Indiana, delivered a ten minute speech, followed by the Hon. Frank B. Posey, Republican candidate for Congress in the 1st District of Indiana. No one wanted to leave, and later that night another demonstration took place lasting long after the honored guests had departed. Blaine's train left the city at 10:00 PM bound for Louisville, where he would spend Sunday resting for his final swing through the Hoosier State the following week.

As expected, not all observers of the Blaine rally saw it in the same light, as illustrated in the following account by a reporter from the Democratic *Indianapolis Sentinel*:

"Saturday night Mr. Blaine, completely disgusted with the utter failure of the meeting at that place, showed his ill temper in a manner that is typical of what we have come to expect. It had been previously arranged that a party of five press representatives were to travel with him in his special car until his departure from the state. Just as the train was to leave the station, his son, Walker Blaine, approached the newsmen and stated that there was no room for them in the car and they would have to make other arrangements. Mr. Blaine is evidently disappointed with his reception in Indiana and with the fact that he has discovered that Harrison stands a poor chance of carrying the state this Fall. Blaine is simply seeking someone upon whom to vent his spleen."

On Election Day, the Republican ticket of Harrison and Morton carried the State of Indiana by a slim majority of two thousand votes out of a total of nearly 537,000 cast. Whether the Republican victory can be attributed to the massive campaign chest allocated to "win" Indiana or the quadrennial outcry of G.O.P. corruption, it is safe to say that the massive rallies held up and down the length of the state that fall contributed enormously to the cause of "Harrison and Protection" and played an important role in the great political drama of 1888.★

FRANK KNOX

By William Alley

When Sen. Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan declined the nomination for vice-president at the 1936 Republican convention, the assembled delegates turned to Frank Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, to fill the ticket. An early presidential hopeful in his own right, Knox had a long record as a Progressive Republican, only to end his career in the administration of the man he was soon to run against.

Born William Frank Knox on the first day of 1874, Knox was, as early as age 11, earning money the way countless boys his age have, by delivering newspapers. In the mornings he delivered the *Grand Rapids Democrat* and after school the *Grand Rapids Eagle*. At age 15 Knox quit school to take a \$5 a week job as junior shipping clerk with Eaton, Lyon & Co., a wholesale book and stationary company. By 1893, Knox had worked his way up to the position of road salesman for western Michigan, earning the tidy sum of \$15 per week. He was soon, however, to fall victim to the economic panic that year. As an unmarried junior employee, Knox was laid off and forced to take a part-time job in a grocery store.

The minister of the local Presbyterian Church convinced the young Knox to take advantage of his current misfortunes by completing his education and going to college. With his savings of \$25, Knox enrolled in Alma College, after first spending a year in their preparatory department completing his high school requirements. It was while working his way through Alma that Knox met the future Mrs. Knox, Annie Reid.

During his senior year at Alma, war broke out between Spain and the United States. Caught up in the war fever, Knox enlisted in the Michigan militia, but, having been called away at the last minute, was not present when the men were sworn in. In spite of this technicality; Knox followed his unit to Tampa, a move that was to have a far-reaching impact on the course his life was to take.

Camped near the Michigan Militia outside Tampa was the First Volunteer Cavalry under the command of Gen Leonard Wood and the young Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Known as the Rough Riders, the First Volunteer Cavalry soon developed a reputation for resourcefulness in bypassing military red tape, a reputation that quickly caught the attention and admiration of the young Knox. Because he had failed to be sworn in, Knox was officially unattached to the Michigan militia and was, therefore, free to enlist with the Rough Riders.

Knox was soon on his way to Cuba. The Michigan militia, however, due to a serious lack of transport, was one of the many units to remain in Tampa.

It was while serving with the Rough Riders in Cuba that Knox fell under the spell of the flamboyant Theodore Roosevelt, whose influence on the young trooper was to prove so great that it was readily noted by both friends and detractors alike for the remainder of Knox's life.

Frank Knox's career in newspapers began while he was still fighting the Spanish in Cuba. E. D. Conger, publisher of the *Grand Rapids Herald*, began printing some of the letters Knox had written home to his mother. After his return from Cuba, Knox also began a speaking tour as a "curtain raiser" for William Alden Smith, candidate for Congress and minority stockholder in the Herald. This led to Knox's being hired as a cub reporter; within a year he was city editor. By the end of 1900, impressed with Knox's progress, Conger promoted him to the business end of the paper, making him circulation manager. Through the use of several promotional gimmicks, Knox doubled the Herald's circulation from ten thousand to twenty thousand readers within one year.

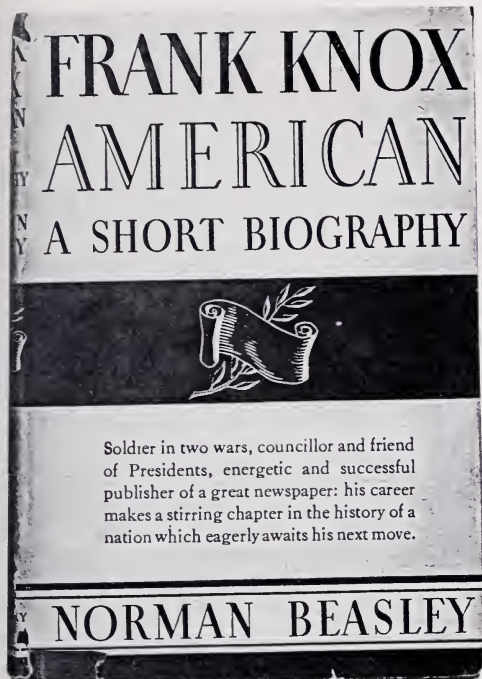
When the *Lake Superior Journal* in Sault Ste. Marie went on the market in 1902, Knox and fellow *Herald* employee John Meuling scraped together the \$3000 asking price and on April 7, 1902 the new *Evening Journal* hit the streets.

Knox saw the *Journal* as a vehicle for reform in Sault Ste. Marie, and from the beginning took on the "political gang" that dominated the politics of upper Michigan. Employing the skills learned in Grand Rapids, Knox had the *Journal's* circulation growing steadily and was soon able to acquire the contract for publishing all of the Chippewa County public notices. Circulation was also increased on the Canadian side of the border by carrying news of the recent Canadian elections and the coronation of King Edward VII.

While Knox pushed for growth in the "Soo", he also used his paper to oppose public indebtedness. Economy in city government was a constant theme in Knox's editorials. "Such a practice (spending tax dollars before they are collected) is indefensible upon any sort of business grounds. It would not be tolerated for an instant in the management of a corporation... No private concern could continue to exist which made a practice of always living ahead of its income. And what is true of a private corporation is true of a public corporation."

Knox entered politics in 1910 when he supported the candidacy of Case S. Osborne for governor of Michigan. Knox supported Osborne because of the latter's progressive political thinking, along the lines of Knox's hero, Theodore Roosevelt. Knox served as state campaign chairman for Osborne and often referred to the similarities between Osborne and the immensely popular Roosevelt. This successful campaign made Knox a leader in Michigan politics and was to lead to a prominent position in Roosevelt's Bull Moose campaign two years later.

In September of 1911 Knox was called to Washington, D.C. by President Taft, who wanted Knox to manage his re-election campaign in Michigan, a position Knox declined as long as there was a chance that Roosevelt might run again.



Compliments of the

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After meeting with the Republican National Committee in December, Knox and the progressives in the party began to push the former president into becoming a candidate. After several meetings with Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, Knox was summoned back by Roosevelt and charged with the task of investigating the strength of the calls for a Roosevelt campaign. A meeting was arranged with seven governors who supported the former president, on February 10, 1912, and on February 22 Theodore Roosevelt declared that "his hat was in the ring".

In Michigan, as in other states, the maneuvering between the progressives and the old guard was intense. Both factions elected their own chairmen and delegates. Tensions rose to the point that Knox requested that

Governor Osborne call out the National Guard to prevent members of the old guard from taking over the convention hall. The convention opened with the state militia in control of the hall, surrounded by Bay City policemen called out by the Mayor, a Taft supporter, and his duplicate set of delegates.

As chairman Knox called the convention to order, A. J. Grossback, the "Taft Chairman," did likewise from the opposite side of the stage. Both then introduced speakers who spoke simultaneously. The two factions then went on to elect their own slates of delegates to the national convention. When the national convention convened, the Taft supporters were firmly in control and the "Stand Pat" delegates were seated. When it became clear that the convention was firmly in the grip of the Taft people, the Progressives held their own convention and nominated Roosevelt as a third party candidate. At this convention Frank Knox led the Michigan delegation and chaired the credentials committee.

Due to a misunderstanding with Roosevelt's people, Knox was soon to break with the Progressive Party. Roosevelt and the Progressive leadership had insisted that each state run a full slate of candidates, but Michigan didn't have that many candidates available. Roosevelt assured Knox that Michigan would be exempt from that rule, but Roosevelt's men on the convention floor were never told of that decision.

Thinking that Roosevelt had reneged on his promise, Knox left the hall and the Bull Moose campaign. He was to continue to support the Progressive ticket personally and in his editorials, but was not an active campaigner. Roosevelt also felt betrayed by what he saw as a defection, especially by one who served with the Rough Riders, and it wasn't until several weeks later, when the two men met, that the misunderstanding was finally cleared up with Roosevelt exclaiming, "Frank, I forgot to except Michigan!"

Having dropped out of the 1912 campaign, Knox turned his attention back to the newspaper business full time. The *Sault Ste. Marie Journal*, being read in almost 95% of the town's homes, had reached its zenith, and Knox began searching for a new challenge. He soon found a paper in New Hampshire that was available for \$50,000. Knox sold the *Journal* and relocated to Manchester where he established the *Manchester Leader*.

The *Leader* was an instant success, and within nine months, Knox was able to pay \$150,000 in bonds to the owner of the competing paper, the *Manchester Union*, and form a joint venture company. With the plant of the two papers combined, cutting overhead, profits grew and Knox was to eventually buy back the bonds at 69¢ on the dollar, leaving him in sole control.

When the United States entered the World War, Knox, at age 43, was told that there were no more officer billets open, so he enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Infantry. He was then selected by his regiment to attend officer candidate school and was eventually commissioned a Captain. Knox served as commander of his unit's ammunition train and at the end of the war had attained the rank of Lt. Colonel.

After his return from Europe, Knox almost immediately

found himself back in politics. In an attempt to stem the migration of industry from New England, Knox organized and chaired the Community Organization Groups of the New England Council. This organization sought to end government extravagance and high taxation, major reasons for industries leaving the region.

As the election of 1920 approached, Knox worked for the nomination of General Leonard Wood, a Bull Moose Progressive, at the Republican convention.

Knox served as Wood's floor chairman and also chaired the New Hampshire delegation. Knox was able to hold his delegates through the first eight ballots, but lost them on the ninth when Warren G. Harding was nominated. Knox's feelings about the Republican nominee were clearly stated in a letter to General Wood, "It won't be long before Harry Daugherty is selling the sunshine on the front steps of the White House."

In 1924 Frank Knox became a candidate for public office for the first time. His opposition to the state income tax convinced him to seek the Republican nomination for governor against John G. Winant, a 35 year old progressive. Knox, opposed to large campaign warchests, was outspent and lost the nomination. Among the expenses in the Winant campaign was \$450 in ads in Knox's newspapers, which were ordered to remain neutral in the contest. Winant went on to be elected governor and was to later serve in the F.D.R. administration as head of the new Social Security Board.

The success of the Knox newspapers in Michigan and later in New Hampshire did not go unnoticed by the giant Hearst newspaper empire, and in 1927, Knox was offered a position with them. Knox was not overly enthused about working for the Hearst chain, and demanded a salary of \$52,000 a year, a price he was sure Hearst would find too high. Much to his surprise, however, Hearst agreed and Frank Knox became publisher of Hearst's Boston newspapers. These papers were soon showing a marked financial improvement, so that when Hearst became interested in the purchase of four Pittsburgh papers, Knox was asked to conduct the negotiations. Knox's abilities so impressed William Randolph Hearst that he soon made Knox General Manager of the entire Hearst newspaper chain. In order to maintain his independence from Hearst's influence, Knox worked without a contract, leaving himself free to leave in the event of a clash with Hearst.

Knox's association with Hearst went well for the first four years, with Knox and Hearst seeing little of each other; but as the national depression deepened, Knox and his employer began to have differences over management and business methods and Knox resigned his position.

About the time Knox parted company with the Hearst organization, Walter Strong of the *Chicago Daily News* suddenly died and the directors of the paper were faced with the task of finding someone to take over management of the paper. The executors of Strong's estate received numerous applications for the position, and out of them they chose, on August 12, 1931, the former general manager of the Hearst newspapers.

The city of Chicago and Frank Knox took an immediate liking to each other, with Knox quickly taking an active

part in civic life there. Within his first year in town, Knox was on the boards of the Century of Progress Exposition and the Armour Institute of Technology, as well as putting the *Daily News* back on a sound financial basis. During this period Knox was also called upon by President Hoover; alarmed over the amount of money being hidden away, Hoover appointed Knox head of his anti-hoarding commission.

With the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932, Knox, always the progressive, initially supported the new administration, but his opposition to big government soon led to disenchantment and opposition to such New Deal programs as the NRA and AAA. The NRA drew his opposition because of its plan to license newspapers. Knox also opposed what he saw as F.D.R.'s undermining of a sound currency and the deficits being created by the New Deal. "President Roosevelt promised to reduce the expenses of government 25%. Instead he has increased them 70%." Knox also opposed the competition with private interests by the federal government, financed with public funds, as was the case with the TVA, an issue that was to eventually lead to the rise of another challenger to F.D.R. in 1940, Wendell Willkie.

By 1934 the Chicago publisher's outspoken positions in regard to the Roosevelt administration convinced some that it might be time to form a Knox for President committee. Such a committee, headquartered at Chicago's La Salle Hotel, was organized and in January, 1935 Frank Knox filed as a candidate in the Illinois presidential primary.

The results of the Illinois primary, April 16, 1936, were not encouraging. Although Knox defeated his closest rival, Borah of Idaho, by seventy thousand votes, his strength lay in Cook County, while Borah received the majority of downstate votes. Failure to carry his home state by a wide margin was a serious blow to Knox's presidential ambition and Knox was, for all practical purposes, eliminated from contention.

When the Republicans met in Cleveland in June, Alf Landon, the only Republican governor to be elected in the Roosevelt landslide in 1932, was clearly favored to win nomination, his closest competition coming from Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan. The Landon backers at the convention spent the bulk of their effort seeing to it that the platform was not too conservative for their candidate to run on.

After Landon's nomination on the first ballot, the convention's attention turned to the selection of a running mate. The nomination was first offered to Senator Vandenberg, who declined the honor in order to remain in the Senate, where he felt he would have more influence. The convention then turned to Frank Knox, who accepted the nomination in a speech described by Harold Ickes as a "Hammer and tongs speech in the Bull Moose tradition, and a smashing attack all along the line by a forthright and conservative opponent."

President Roosevelt did not lead a completely united Democratic party. Al Smith, the 1928 Democratic standard-bearer, had turned against the New Deal and came out in support of the Landon/Knox ticket, but the President's popularity was to prove unbeatable. Even with

most of the nation's newspapers opposing his re-election, FDR defeated the Republicans by a margin that was not to be exceeded until the Mondale/ Ferraro defeat in 1984.

After the election Knox returned to the business of running his paper, only to return to the political limelight as the 1940 presidential election approached.

The war in Europe was going badly for the allies, even with the President's support to the extent allowed by American neutrality laws, and the European situation was sure to become an issue in the upcoming election.

In order to give his foreign policy a bipartisan appearance and to neutralize the Republicans in the weeks before their convention in Philadelphia, Roosevelt decided to appoint two prominent Republicans to his cabinet. The President first tried to recruit Governor Landon, but the Kansan would only agree to serve if the President would publicly announce that he would not seek a third term, a condition the President refused to consider. Roosevelt did appoint Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War in the Taft administration and Secretary of State under Hoover, as his new Secretary of War, and to fill the position as Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt appointed the former Republican vice-presidential candidate, Frank Knox. Although both appointments were Republicans, neither were isolationists, and both supported the President's efforts to repeal or modify the neutrality laws.

The announcement of these two appointments as the Republicans were convening in Philadelphia had an immediate reaction. The party chairman John D.M. Hamilton immediately issued a statement, "...these gentlemen, having entered the cabinet of the President of the United States, are no longer qualified to speak as Republicans, or for the Republican Party...". The statement went on to say that the appointment of Stimson and Knox, both interventionists, to positions in the Democratic administration confirmed the Democrats as the "war party". The statement was unanimously accepted by the Republican delegates. The convention was then informed that Col. Knox, upon accepting his appoint-

ment, had resigned as delegate at large from Illinois; there was much applause.

On Capitol Hill, the Naval Affairs committee quickly approved Knox's appointment, and he was confirmed by the Senate on July 10, 1940. He was sworn in the following day in the President's office.

With Britain fighting the Nazis alone after the fall of France, it was Secretary Knox who first suggested that the United States sell surplus World War One destroyers to England. The use of British bases by U.S. forces was also discussed at this meeting, sowing the seeds of the Lend-Lease program. The Cabinet also discussed the possibility of providing refuge for the Royal Navy in U.S. ports should Britain fall.

As election day approached, Knox's newspaper, the Chicago Daily News, in a front page editorial, endorsed the candidacy of Wendell Willkie, putting Knox in the difficult position of serving in the cabinet of the man his paper opposed.

On December 7, 1941, Secretary Knox was one of the first to learn of the devastating attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Using his contacts in the newspaper world, Knox was able to convince the publishers to limit their coverage of the damage so as not to let the Japanese know the extent of the losses. It was now the job of the Secretary of the Navy to oversee the rebuilding of the American navy and prepare to do battle with the Empire of Japan.

Three former U.S. sailors, in a letter to Secretary Knox, returned their medals commemorating the 1908 visit of the U.S. Fleet to Japan, asking that the Secretary "attach them to a bomb and return them to Japan". Knox forwarded the medals to Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor, who in turn sent them to Admiral Marc Mitscher, who was preparing the Doolittle raid on Japan.

Frank Knox was to spend the remainder of his life as civilian head of the navy, in charge of the creation of the greatest navy, engaged in the largest naval war in history. Such responsibilities took their toll, and the Secretary fell ill, and died on April 28, 1944.★



Glass Paperweights

BOOKS IN THE HOBBY

Review by John Pfeifer

Roger A. Fischer and Edmund B. Sullivan, *American Political Ribbons and Ribbon Badges 1825-1981* (Quarterman Publications, Post Office Box 156, Lincoln, Massachusetts, 01773, 1985) 408 pages, \$65.00.

In the years since the publication of J. Doyle Dewitt's *Century of Campaign Buttons* first elevated the collective consciousness of both hobbyist and historian concerning the significance of political material culture, a growing need has persisted for a definitive treatise on campaign ribbons and related textiles. At long last the need has been addressed and the result is Roger Fischer and Edmund Sullivan's impressive 408 page volume, *American Political Ribbons and Ribbon Badges 1825-1981*. Their long awaited classic represents the most exhaustive survey ever attempted in the study of historical textiles and ranks as one of the best reference sources available in the field today.

Its crowning achievement rests in the carefully researched, informative and well written chapter introductions beginning in the Jacksonian era, which gave birth to modern election campaign tactics, continuing through the "high water mark" of flamboyant political advertising seen in the closing years of the 19th century to the decline in ribbon popularity brought on by the introduction of the celluloid pin-back button, which dominated the competition until the advent of radio and television. Their absorbing study of the origins of textile manufacturing in America and technological advances in color weaving and lithography has achieved a real breakthrough in the delicate art of blending scholarship and collector appeal to produce a reference work that reads like a history novel.

The book is well organized and follows a logical historical chronology and standardized numbering system that is complimented by its use of detailed notation concerning individual ribbon variations as well as helpful references to unpictured ribbons appearing in recent auctions and other sources.

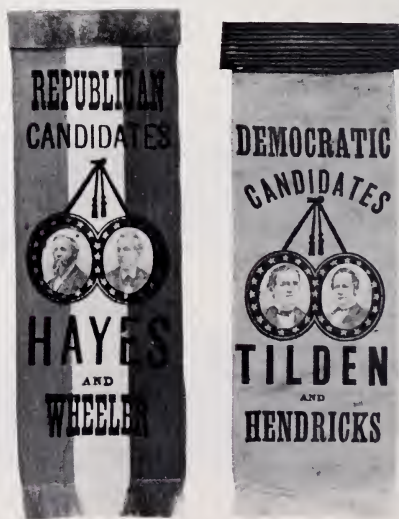
A second and equally substantive strength is its comprehensive coverage of all candidates for the major and minor parties to obscure presidential hopefuls, memorials, and commemoratives, along with informative addenda on the ribbon manufacturers of a type conspicuously missing from most previously published books of this genre.

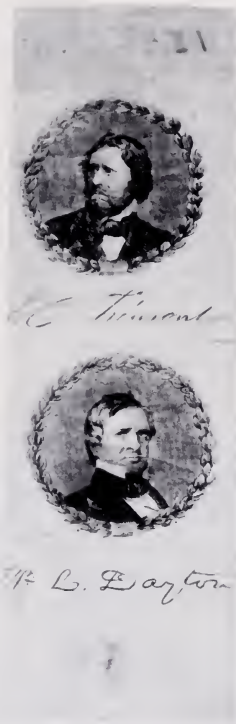
The enormous difficulty inherent in compiling a listing of so many different subjects preserved in widely scattered public and private collections is obvious as evidenced by the authors' persistence in obtaining photographs of an amazing number of heretofore unknown beauties, while omitting many of the more common varieties and as yet unlisted rarities simply unavailable to them. Some of the sections devoted to particular candidates are outstanding examples of the authors' diligence in this effort. I was especially delighted to feast my eyes on 13 different Van

Buren ribbons when many major collections are proud to have a single specimen. The Lincoln section presents a wide array of campaign graphics guaranteed to excite and tantalize the most jaded veteran as well as the novice collector!

Once again Quarterman Publications has produced a volume of outstanding quality, from the crisp illustrations and hi-grade paper stock to the clear type face and durable binding. While the list price of \$65.00 represents a sizeable investment, certainly a first-rate reference work listing nearly 2,600 items, containing over 1,300 illustrations and accompanying historical text, is well worth the price of a common Cleveland ribbon to any serious collector of historical textiles and to all scholars with an interest in the evolution of an art form which like democracy itself, had its genesis in Europe and reached its zenith in the free political expression proudly proclaimed on these badges of honor. *American Political Ribbons and Ribbon Badges* is not merely a lifeless annotated list, it is a historical anthology utilizing the medium of photographic art to bring to life the only remaining witnesses to the great political battles of America's Golden Age.

While the lack of specific size dimensions and color variation is logically explained in the preface it would seem that inclusion of such information, especially color combinations might aid the reader in a better understanding of the nuances that distinguish ribbons from other campaign artifacts. Color and style often varied according to their intended usage with the standard being a single printed design in one color stock produced in large quantities and intended for mass distribution. Hence, a notation of the particular color of the plate sample would





have been sufficient. A second type is simply an extension of the first as evidenced by the detailed listing of inscription variations such as found in the William Henry Harrison section. Using the standard graphic transfer the manufacturer could offer the individual club or delegation a specialized badge by overprinting the designated sentiment or organization's name onto the stock design, resulting in a wide range of distinctive ribbons all with their own unique political message.

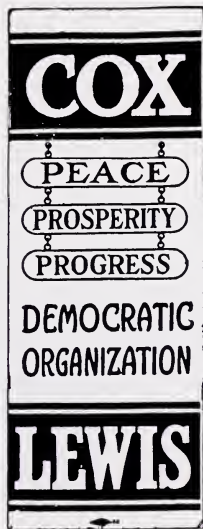
An excellent illustration of the subtle nature of color combinations is found with James B. Weaver-3, the basic "People's Choice" Jugate Ribbon known to exist in at least five different colored fabrics each one echoing a different plank in the Populist platform, the most striking example bearing the slogan "Free Silver and Prosperity" printed on a bright gold ribbon! Much like the misspelling of names occasionally found on campaign artifacts, such errors were often made due to the manufacturer's lack of political acumen and rush to fill an order as well as economic considerations.

My only real criticism of the volume is the authors' use of redundant descriptive text for ribbons whose graphics and political message can be readily seen in the corresponding photograph. While this practice is consistent with the detailed descriptions necessary for ribbons listed but unpictured, I would have preferred to see such

space utilized for further historical information on the pictured ribbons, adding even more depth and clarity to the already substantial narrative.

With its publication, the authors' have made a significant contribution to the literature of political material culture and have certainly expanded our awareness of what is "out there." In so doing they have also whetted the appetite for a second volume drawn from the wealth of material still unlisted as well as the important new discoveries being made every year. Interest in political textiles has increased dramatically in recent years resulting in long overdue respect from the academic community and spirited competition among ribbon specialists, making this book a must for collectors and scholars alike.

NEW COX RIBBON FOUND



A second Cox coattail ribbon has been discovered, in Illinois. The first one (JMC-12 in *American Political Ribbons and Ribbon Badges*, by Sullivan and Fischer) promotes Cox, Al Smith and Jimmy Walker. This oil cloth item promotes Cox and former Senator James Hamilton Lewis who lost the Illinois governor's race in 1920. The durable Lewis is one of a handful of men who were elected in two states. He had been a Washington congressman and later a vice presidential hopeful at the 1896 Democratic National Convention. He was elected to the Senate from Illinois in 1912, 1930 and 1936. FDR collectors may recognize the Lewis name because he appears on a scarce jugate from the 1932 convention in Chicago. At the time mayor Anton Cermak was promoting Lewis for the Vice presidential nomination, against his wishes.

— Robert Rouse

Ronald Reagan's Dream Tickets

By Michael Kelly

There are many dreams associated with the career of Ronald Reagan. He first found fame in the "dream factory" of Hollywood; he has always been a staunch advocate of "The American Dream;" his opponents accuse him of living in a dream world; while his electoral triumphs are a politician's dream. This article deals with a particular sort of dream: Ronald Reagan and the "dream ticket."

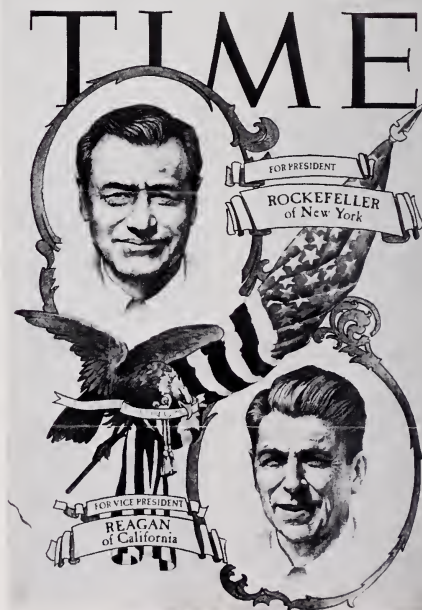
A dream ticket is a perfect political balance, hopefully one that reaches out to the left and right simultaneously with good geographic distribution. Liberal Franklin Roosevelt of New York and Conservative John Nance Garner of Texas was a dream ticket in 1932. New York Governor Tom Dewey with California Governor Earl Warren was another in 1948. Most often, however, dream tickets remain just that—dreams. Staffers, operatives, and reporters conjure up such political pairings over a few beers with little expectation of seeing them come to pass.

As an unusually captivating politician from the nation's largest state, Ronald Reagan has often figured prominently in various schemes and dreams about national tickets. In 1968, supporters of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller floated ideas about a ticket of Rockefeller for president and the new governor of California, Ronald Reagan, for vice-president. *Time* magazine featured the 1968 equivalent of a grand national banner on its cover while several Rockefeller-Reagan buttons appeared. The Rockefeller-Reagan buttons usually made much of the fact that both names began with R (remember, this was the era of important Republican governors named Rockefeller, Reagan, Romney, and Rhodes, and the letter R seemed somehow significant).

Rockefeller's suggestion of a ticket spanning the continent came back to haunt him when enemies of his countered with another dream ticket: Reagan-Lindsay. John V. Lindsay was the Republican mayor of New York City in 1968, and as far left of the GOP's center as Reagan was then right. The idea of these two ideological politicians may seem odd (especially as Lindsay would later run for president as a Democrat), but it served both men's purposes to let the idea circulate. I haven't seen buttons for Reagan-Lindsay, but many photos and articles from the period can attest to its reality.

Ronald Reagan ran for president in 1968 but failed. He was to fail again eight years later when he challenged President Gerald Ford for the 1976 GOP nomination. That year saw the third Reagan dream ticket: Reagan-Schweiker. After a hard fought primary campaign with Reagan, Ford approached the convention ahead by only a critical handful of delegates. Reagan and his advisor, John Sears, needed something to break Ford's lead. They announced in advance of the convention whom Reagan

would choose as his running mate. His choice was a surprise, and a gamble to halt Ford: Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania. Schweiker's voting record passed moderate into downright liberal territory. Reagan noted, however, that Schweiker was pro-life and against gun control, two important issues for Reagan's core constituency. Observers also noted that Schweiker was



from a large and heavily pro-Ford delegation.

Numerous items exist for the Reagan-Schweiker ticket, and it marks perhaps the first time such a ticket went into a convention. It was, however, to be yet another dream ticket, for the GOP nominated Gerald Ford and Bob Dole.

The last dream ticket for Reagan came in 1980. As the GOP gathered in Detroit to nominate Reagan after he easily won the primaries, the convention faced the usual suspense over who would be picked. George Bush was a clear possibility. Jack Kemp was actively seeking the nod, and a dozen names were passed around. Buttons exist for many potential vice presidents, but the convention opened with the question still undecided. As the delegates sat in the hall, a remarkable rumor began to spread: Reagan was negotiating with former president Ford, whose presidency had been fatally undercut by Reagan in 1976, and Ford was seriously considering accepting second place on the ticket! Delegates talked excitedly as reporters combed the halls

for clues about the meetings between Reagan and Ford. At one moment the story was that they had agreed to a co-presidency with Reagan as Chairman of the Board and Ford as Chief Operating Officer. At another moment Ford was backing out because the two men's staffs didn't get along well. As the evening wore on, the stories became more and more certain. Party leaders like Howard Baker and Robert Griffin were reporting that Reagan-Ford was the ticket, and the television networks reported the deal as complete.

Yet like the other dream tickets, this was not to be. After advancing to the outlines of an agreement that might have had profound implications for American government, both Reagan and Ford backed off, realizing that the potential arrangement was too complicated to be beneficial. Reagan picked Bush, and the TV networks and a few newspapers were left with egg on their faces. So unexpected was the Reagan-Ford idea that no buttons were produced for that ticket despite the abundance of buttons for other hopefuls.

Thus we have four dream tickets: Rockefeller-Reagan, Reagan-Lindsay, Reagan-Schweiker and Reagan-Ford. Imagine George Bush's relief that none of them came to pass.★



REAGAN & LINDSAY IN LOS ANGELES





NEWS



ALFRED M. LANDON 1887-1987

Excerpted from obituaries in the *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*

Alfred M. Landon, the former Governor of Kansas who gained lasting fame for his landslide defeat by Franklin D. Roosevelt in the 1936 Presidential election, died at his home in Topeka, October 12, 1987, 34 days after his 100th birthday.

A man of enduring good spirits, he was undaunted by his overwhelming defeat for the Presidency and continued to exert influence in the Republican party. On Sept. 6, three days before he turned 100, President Reagan and his wife, Nancy, stopped off in Topeka to pay tribute to the man who had become known as the G.O.P.'s "grand old man."

"In a hundred years," Mr. Reagan said, "Alf Landon has chased many dreams and caught most of them."

Born in Middlesex, Pa., on Sept. 9, 1887, Landon was raised in Ohio and Kansas, moving west with his father, John Landon, as he looked for new oil fields. As a youngster, Landon was both athlete and scholar, and after his political influence began to fade in the late 1940s, he returned to athletics and scholarship with a passion.

In 1912, Landon attended the Bull Moose convention in Chicago that nominated Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency. The elder Mr. Landon was a delegate. The younger Mr. Landon met the leaders of progressive Republicanism, including William Allen White, editor of *The Emporia Gazette* in his home state, and the experience shaped his political thinking for the rest of his life.

Mr. Landon became head of the Republican state organization in 1928 and delivered the largest percentage of any state in the nation for Herbert Hoover's election victory.

Campaigned in Depression

In 1932 Mr. Landon ran for Governor himself. Wearing his oilfield workclothes, laced boots, a leather jacket and the battered brown fedora that was to become a trademark, he campaigned in crossroads villages across the state.

He defeated the Democratic incumbent, Harry H. Woodring, who was later appointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt, by 5,637 votes. With the Depression on, he was the only Republican gubernatorial candidate west of the Mississippi to survive the New Deal avalanche.

As governor, Landon's approach to state government was one of strict economy. In his first days in office, he tried to

slash his own \$5,000-a-year salary by 25%. When the state Legislature refused to vote the cut, he simply returned 25% of each paycheck to the state treasury.

Between 1932 and 1935, he reduced state spending from \$29 million annually to \$25 million.

In 1934, Landon was reelected, this time the only Republican governor to win anywhere in the country. Almost immediately he became the center of speculation that he would be the national GOP candidate two years later.

By December, 1934, Landon-for-President clubs were being organized—and the governor was being referred to by friends as "The Kansas Lincoln." By 1935, Roosevelt was predicting that Landon would be his opponent in the next election.

And by late that year, Chicago publisher Frank Knox and former President Herbert Hoover, among others who hoped for the 1936 GOP nomination, were forming a "stop Landon" movement.

Republican national leaders, desperate for a candidate to oppose Roosevelt in 1936, began turning up in Topeka to confer with Mr. Landon, even though the New Deal echoes in his two inaugural addresses might have given them pause.

"Our problems," he had asserted in 1932, "have been intensified by the great industrial plutocracy we have built since the last depression of 1893."

He went on to express doubt that "the Jeffersonian theory that the best government is the one that governs the least can be applied today — I think that as civilization becomes more complex, government power must be increased."

While the Governor criticized Roosevelt's "slapdash, jazzy methods," he endorsed the goals of the Roosevelt Administration and most of its new laws.

But the Republican leaders preferred to note that Mr. Landon had reduced his state's operating expenses, including his own salary, and had balanced the budget. And, they noted, he had been elected twice.

Under the guidance of his campaign manager, John D.M. Hamilton, the Governor declined to enter any Presidential primaries, or even to stir off his front porch, to seek the nomination.

In part because of his personal amiability and integrity—which always came through on a person-to-person level—and in part because he simply worked harder and with more political shrewdness than his rivals, Landon went into the 1936 convention with the nomination locked up.

By a vote of 984 to 16 (for Sen. William Borah of Idaho), Landon won on the first ballot. Frank Knox became his vice presidential running mate.

Pundit-humorist Irvin S. Cobb called Landon's nomination "a quiet interment for the Republican Old Guard."

And in many ways it was, for Landon was, by the party's standards of the time, a Republican liberal. To this day a number of political observers consider him the first "modern" Republican, forerunner of those who finally worked for and won the presidency for Dwight David Eisenhower in 1952.

But, although his folksy charm, sincerity and down-to-earth intelligence came through strongly in one-to-one and small-group settings, Landon seldom sparked enthusiasm among the masses at Depression-era grass-roots rallies.

One reason was that he was a hesitant, often awkward orator compared to the witty and frequently eloquent Roosevelt. Landon's speech writers didn't help him much, providing him more often with phrases turned of solid lead than of sparkling gold. For example, in one of his first campaign speeches, he was given this ludicrous line to deliver:

"Wherever I have gone in this country, I have found Americans."

He did utter one phrase, according to his biographer, Donald McCoy, that became immortal—but not until nearly 25 years later, when it was spoken by John F. Kennedy: "A New Frontier."

Landon's publicist-poets did not serve him well either. They gave him a campaign song, sung to the tune of "Oh, Susanna," that went:

"Oh, Alf Landon! He's the man for me! 'Cause he comes from prairie Kansas His country for to free!"

By contrast, Roosevelt's campaign song was the rousing "Happy Days Are Here Again," catchy and bright and just what Depression-weary folks wanted to hear.

The pictures of Mr. Landon that began to appear on billboards and in newspapers showed a smiling, round-faced man with thinning, sandy hair whose gray eyes viewed the world shrewdly through rimless glasses. Millions of sunflowers, his state's flower, blossomed in buttons and posters.

The Governor's theme was, at the start, that a Republican administration could carry out the necessary reforms in the country's social and economic structure more efficiently and honestly than the New Deal.

"America at the Crossroads," a slim volume published in 1936, outlined his "program for American government." The first chapter was titled "The New Frontier," a phrase that President Kennedy was to make a good deal better known.

When the President began his campaign, it soon became apparent that the election would be no contest. Roosevelt seldom mentioned Mr. Landon, or for that matter the Republicans. He cited the country's recovery from the 1932 depths of the Depression and asserted that the forces of reaction were seeking to undo these gains.

As the trend toward the President became unmistakable, Mr. Landon's campaign lost coherence. At the urging of his advisers, he moved to the right on some issues and contradicted himself on others.

Despite Landon's hard-working campaign, despite expenditure of \$9 million in his behalf by his party (the

Democrats spent about half that) and despite predictions by such distinguished figures as columnist Walter Krock of the New York Times and by the respected Literary Digest that he would beat Roosevelt, the personable Kansan suffered the greatest loss, up to that time, in American political history.

Of his landslide loss to President Roosevelt in 1936, Mr. Landon later said, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont."

Mr. Landon could bear his defeat with equanimity partly because he had had no real hope of winning and partly because he did not fear for the future of the nation, as did many of his fellow Republicans, if Roosevelt was re-elected. As Governor of Kansas he endorsed many of the most controversial aspects of the New Deal. He respected and admired Roosevelt.

Despite all this, Mr. Landon came to be thought of in later years as the prototype of Middle Western provincialism and conservatism.

Political analysts, their vision sharpened by the focus of hindsight, later saw Landon's defeat as inevitable, particularly in view of the public's perception of him as a knee-jerk conservative Republican, even as an anti-labor tool of Wall Street. It was a perception intensified by Landon's endorsement by such old-line Republicans as Hoover, whom voters blamed for the Depression, and such rightwingers as publisher William Randolph Hearst.

Landon complained that during the campaign he was surrounded by "Republican stuffed shirts instead of working men," although he was, by contrast to most of the GOP at that time, a friend of labor unions.

Whatever Landon's feeling in his heart of hearts, he never expressed any sourness or personal sense of failure at his stunning defeat. In one of his last interviews, the old campaigner claimed he never felt any personal animosity toward Roosevelt, even though each had denounced the other during the campaign.

"I don't feel any bitterness at all," he said, "I don't believe anyone could have beaten him at that time."

Paradoxically, Landon's defeat by Roosevelt was both the zenith and nadir of his political career.

Roosevelt, running for his second term, won 27,717,636 votes to 16,679,543 for his Republican rival. Mr. Landon received 8 electoral votes to Roosevelt's 523.

The plurality of 11,068,093 in the popular vote stood as a record until 1964, when with 30 million more voters President Johnson defeated Barry Goldwater by 15,918,746 votes. Even so, the Arizona Republican carried six states with 52 electoral votes.

The plurality mark was broken again in 1972 when President Nixon won re-election by 17,998,388 more votes than George McGovern. The South Dakota Democrat carried only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia, for 17 electoral votes.

But Mr. Landon's 36.5 percent of the popular vote remained below Mr. Mondale's 40.5 percent, Mr. Goldwater's 38.5 percent and Mr. McGovern's 37.5 percent in tallies gathered by Congressional Quarterly.

After his 1936 defeat, Mr. Landon did not seek public office again. He became a genial, unassuming pillar of the business community in Topeka, which was the headquarters of the oil-well business that had made him a millionaire by the late 1920's.

But he was often asked his opinion, and he did not hesitate to take strong stands. In the 1930's he disagreed with Republicans who supported the Neutrality Act; he feared it

would mislead Nazi Germany into thinking the United States was unwilling to fight. In World War II he argued against lend-leasing military equipment, urging instead that Britain be given \$5 billion outright. Usually, he was strongly critical of Roosevelt and what he called the "dictatorial" drift of his Administration, although he sometimes supported the President, mostly on national defense issues.

In May, 1940, Landon fended off a not too subtle maneuver by the crafty Democrat to include him in a "coalition Cabinet" that might have stifled his opposition to Roosevelt's third-term presidency.

"That," he said in an interview four decades later, "would have destroyed the Republican Party."

Although he originally backed Thomas Dewey for the 1940 GOP nomination, he supported Wendell Willkie in his losing campaign to oust Roosevelt.

As war approached, Landon's position was seen by many as isolationist. He opposed the Lend Lease Bill to provide arms to Great Britain. Instead, he advocated a strong defense of the Western Hemisphere.

"Let us arm ourselves so terrifically that we can lick any nation or combinations that are foolish enough to attack here," he urged.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, Landon wired Roosevelt: "Please command me in any way I can be of service."

And he gave his full support to the war effort and to the nation's allies, but he continued to speak out on his suspicions about Russian motives and Roosevelt's increasing power.

He opposed Roosevelt's fourth term, split with Willkie and supported Dewey in the 1944 presidential campaign. Four years later, he was one of the first to promote Eisenhower as a potential Republican candidate for President.

His political influence was definitely in decline; through the 1950s and 1960s he didn't even attend GOP conventions. Always independent minded—he had with his father bolted from the Republican Party in 1912 to support the "Bull Moose" Progressive Party of Theodore Roosevelt (who remained his political hero the rest of his life)—Landon still spoke out during this period, sometimes taking positions that boggled GOP regulars.

At one point he called for the resignation of John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower's secretary of state. In 1953, almost unthinkable for a Republican of the time, he called for America to consider admission of Communist China to the United Nations. And occasionally he even expressed a certain admiration for Harry S. Truman and, later, for John F. Kennedy.

He supported President Truman on aid to Greece and Turkey against Communist threats and backed his Marshall Plan for reconstruction of Europe even while opposing high domestic spending and a "welfare state."

He argued that the United States should join Europe's Common Market in 1961, when President Kennedy urged only cooperation. In President Johnson's Administration, Mr. Landon supported Medicare and other Great Society programs.

In November 1962, when he was asked to describe his political philosophy, Mr. Landon said: "I would say prac-

tical progressive, which means that the Republican Party or any political party has got to recognize the problems of a growing and complex industrial civilization. And I don't think the Republican Party is really wide awake to that."

Mr. Landon never renounced his party allegiance, and in the 1964 Presidential campaign heeded the pleas of party leaders to remain silent on his choice between President Johnson and Senator Goldwater.

When not busy with his family or oil and radio enterprises, he read and studied history and politics. He kept up a constant correspondence with politicians, reporters, businessmen. Often he hosted them in his book-lined study. Invariably the subject was politics.

Silver-haired, rumped and a bit hard of hearing, Landon was still a delightful—if sometimes challenging and cranky—conversationalist. He loved throwing out such aphorisms as: "The art of governing must be preceded by the art of getting elected." Sometimes he would demand: "Now argue with me on this if you don't agree!"

Occasionally, as when he was asked about Richard M. Nixon, his lined old face would cloud with what seemed a mix of anger and sadness. Although he had supported Nixon in 1968 and 1972—in fact had seen something of a revival of his own political standing as a result—he allowed that he was wrong in his assessment of him.

"Sure, I was disillusioned with him," he told an interviewer late in 1980. "I was asked to review that last book of his, but I wouldn't do it."

His point was that he didn't want to do anything that might promote or apologize for Nixon.

"I thought he should keep out of the limelight," he said. Then, in what may have been a slip of the tongue: "I thought he should just stay there in San Quentin [did he mean San Clemente?], but now he's back in New York, worming his way back into public attention."

Landon's last formal political outing was at the 1976 Republican National Convention in Kansas City, 60 miles east of his hometown. It was strictly a ceremonial ritual, but he was given a rousing ovation.

Characteristically, his response to the convention was hearty and humorous:

"You warm the cockles of my heart, whatever that means."

President Reagan issued a statement mourning the death of the GOP elder statesman.

"Alf Landon exemplified the very best in public service," Reagan said Monday. "He deeply loved his country and he was motivated by a genuine desire to help his fellow man... Gov. Landon was a true elder statesman, whose expertise and views were sought and valued by many of us in public life."

Kansas Sen. Bob Dole, who is seeking the 1988 Republican presidential nomination, called Landon "a friend and mentor."

"He was a legendary Republican who taught generations of politicians what integrity and leadership were all about. Always way ahead of his times, his life was a solid century of achievement."

Alfred M. (Alf) Landon, the plain-spoken Kansas Republican, lost the 1936 presidential election in an unprecedented landslide but won the enduring respect and affection of his countrymen.★

ORIGINAL SOURCES

A Letter From President Truman

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 13, 1948

Dear Bill:

Matt handed me your note in regard to the loyalty cases. Ferguson and his "garbage can" Committee have made it almost impossible to obtain conviction in these loyalty cases - even those on which we have obtained indictments. He was told very frankly by the Attorney General just what would happen if these people were tried in the papers - they not only would not get a fair deal, but it would be impossible to get a jury who would not start with a prejudiced viewpoint.

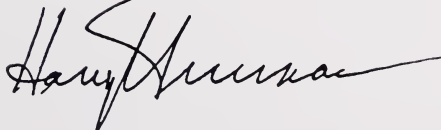
Of course, Ferguson cares nothing about the first ten Amendments of the Constitution and never has. I had trouble with him all the time while I was Chairman of the Committee to investigate the Defense Program. He would have carried on in exactly the same way then if I had not prevented him from doing it. As you know, he and Brewster took that Committee, whose reputation I had built up to the highest possible point, and absolutely ruined it. You can remember when the Hughes investigations were being carried on by Brewster how the Washington Post cartooned him as coming out of a garbage can. It always makes me fighting mad when I think what those two fellows did to that good Committee. It goes to show what can be done with authority when people really have no respect for human rights. I hope sometime or other a complete and objective history of the times can be written and the facts properly exposed for public view.

As you know, the Congress made no effort to meet the situation with which the country is faced now. In the Message I read to them on the opening day I stated very plainly and precisely the things necessary to meet our present situation. The responsible Committees of the House and the Senate made no effort whatever to obtain information or to prepare legislation. The Senate spent five days in a fake filibuster, which could have been stopped in fifteen minutes. The Republican House simply adjourned three days at a time and did nothing. The only thing to which they could point with pride was the passage of the appropriation for the United Nations building in New York and I see Dewey is trying to claim credit for having got that done.

I supposed he called the Special Session and asked them to pass the legislation. I just feel it in my bones that we are going to give him the jar of his lifetime when the votes are counted in November.

Hurry up and get well - I like to see your smiling face around here and furthermore I'd like to talk with you sometime about the things that walrus and the carpenter discussed, including sealing wax which we need to a very great extent for some mouths I can name.

Sincerely yours,



This letter was written by President Truman to a friend in the George Washington University Hospital, Washington, DC. Mentioned in the letter are Attorney General Tom C. Clark, Republican senators Homer Ferguson (Michigan) and Ralph Brewster (Maine), Howard Hughes and New York Governor - Republican Presidential candidate, Thomas Dewey.



"I would rather
have peace in
the world than
be President."



Christmas
Greetings

from

The President

and

Mrs. Truman

1948